

Bellefonte



Republican

Established in 1869.

"Let Us See To It that A Government of the People, for the People and by the People, Shall Not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN.

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NO 42

Editorial Briefs.

The Silver Senators at Washington are making republican votes by the thousands.

Let every republican do his duty in getting out the full vote on the 7th of November.

The owner of Valkyrie will see how impossible it is to beat an American yacht so soon as he is Done ravin'.

Evidently there is great need of all the local candidates "gingering up" if they want to put any snap in the county campaign.

We have had wrecks and disasters every Friday for weeks. There were 13 cars in last Friday's wrecked train and the fire started in car 13.

The question now is—have the unconditional repeal Senators who have finally been forced to compromise compromised themselves.

GEN. D. H. HASTINGS is out in Ohio this week making speeches on Protection for McKinley. What a team! McKinley, Hastings and Protection—three invincibles.

MR. NIEL, of Ohio, had the honor of incorporating a plank in the Democratic National platform. The Republicans of Ohio are now making kindling wood of that same plank.

Who says good times are not upon us? Under Republican rule workmen had to labor for their bread; now they get it free—at charity agencies.—*Kansas City Journal, October 10, 1893.*

CENTRE county Republicans are alive to the exigencies of the present campaign and they intend to leave no stone unturned in their efforts to rebuke the petty administration at Washington.

MR. CLEVELAND proved capable of starting the wind that blew him into office last fall but he was too small to shut off the silver Senators and will be entirely too little to hurl back the hurricane which shall retire him to "innocuous desuetude" in 1896.

"Put one X on your ticket" was a significant inscription on a banner in the great Republican parade at Cambridge, Ohio, last Friday. McKinley is the standard bearer out there and Protection is his battle-cry. It is needless to say he has the people with him.

JUDGE FURST consumed much valuable time and thirty pages of legal cap getting up an opinion setting aside the *Armor* verdict just to have it overruled by the Associate judges with a very little time and one small sheet of paper. Is this the wherewithal of greatness?

From reading the columns of the *Magnet* one would be led to suppose that Jared Harper, for treasurer, is the only prohibition candidate in the field. Either the party has centered its entire strength on one man or else Mr. Harper must have been more liberal in planking down the "stuff."

Why don't the democratic papers of Centre county tell the people why they haven't fulfilled the manifold promises made last fall? It must be because they see that the people now know for themselves; and they also intend to vote as they see and think. Watch the returns on the evening of the 7th of November.

IS HIS decision on the tin plate question, Secretary Carlisle has dealt one more blow to American Industries. This may be in accordance with his notions of public policy, but it is poor economics, doubtful patriotism, and in almost any other country would be regarded as bad statesmanship.—*Social Economist, October, 1893.*

THE income of the Government, by its increased volume and thorough economies in its collections, is now more than ever in excess of public necessities.—*President Cleveland's Second Annual Message to Congress, December, 1892.*

CAN MR. CLEVELAND make the same statement to-day? Where is the increased volume? There is no longer economies in its collections, so that the income of the Government is not "in excess of public necessities."

THINK well before you cast your ballot. Remember that a dollar spent in the community may come back to you in its active rounds of duty between the merchant, the farmer and the home manufacturer. But when sent off to purchase foreign supplies, it is withdrawn beyond your reach and is missed in the activities of trade, and lessens the demand for your productions on the farm and in the factory. Free-Trade invites you to send your money away, Protection enables you to keep it in circulation at home.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, Oct. 23, 1893.

The mountain, represented in this case by the democratic Senatorial steering committee, which has been in labour for these many days and nights, greatly to the profit of certain vendors of liquid refreshments, has brought forth the mouse in the shape of a compromise silver bill. It is understood that the birth would never have taken place if the skill of midwives Cleveland and Carlisle had not been made available. The baby is certainly not one that anybody has any reason to be proud of. It is lame, halt and blind, and can certainly never grow into anything useful or beneficial, either to its progenitors or to the country.

The compromise bill, to get down to straight-forward English, provides that the repeal of the purchasing clause of the silver law shall take effect October 1, 1894, and that the silver purchase and the re-ignition now in the Treasury and to accrue from future purchases shall from time to time be coined (that is certainly indefinite enough to make future trouble), and that all greenbacks and treasury notes under \$10, shall be retired and silver certificates or silver dollars (more indefinite) shall take their place. That is all. Not a word about issuing bonds or any other method of increasing the rapidly diminishing gold reserve, which now amounts to only \$81,000,000. This is the compromise that Mr. Cleveland has promised to sign, if it can be passed, and which the steering committee are compelling democratic Senators to pledge themselves in writing to support. This is the sum total of democratic financial ability. It will require the full democratic support to pass this compromise, as it is not expected that republican Senators will vote for it and the populist Senators are up in arms against it. While the republicans will probably not vote for the compromise, they will not be likely to do anything to prevent a vote being taken. If the democrats can stand this measure the republicans certainly can.

The ink should at least be allowed to get dry upon announcements of democratic retrenchment and reform before the alleged reforms are discarded by the democratic administration. The other day notice was served upon the republican who was executive officer of the U. S. Geological Survey that Secretary Hoke Smith had come to the conclusion that the office was a sinecure and had abolished it, and it was only telegraphed to all the democratic papers that a \$3,000 sinecure had been abolished by the administration. Now comes the sequel, which will not be so widely circulated by the democratic press. It was the republican who held the alleged sinecure, who was abolished; the sinecure was left in order that it might be given to a Texas democrat, endorsed by Senators Mills, who now practically controls all federal appointments from or in that state. So there was neither reform nor retrenchment in this move, which was just a plain spoilsman's change—a democrat in place of a republican; but it illustrates very strikingly one of the leading characteristics of the present administration.

Considerable surprise has been expressed by republicans that ten republican Senators should have voted to confirm the nomination of Van Alen to be Ambassador to Italy, when by casting their votes against him they could have defeated the nomination, which pulled through on a vote of 39 to 22. The republicans who voted confirm the nomination were Cameron and Quay of Pa.; Aldrich and Dixon of R. I.; Davis of Minn.; Frye of Me.; Higgins of Del.; Jones of Nev.; McMillan of Mich.; and Wolcott of Col., and democrats who voted against the confirmation were Hill of N. Y. with the exception of Stewart of Nev.—classified by others, but not by himself as a populist—voted against the confirmation.

The War Department furnishes an interesting problem for the students of such things. Gen. Grant, a staunch Minnesota republican, is practically in charge of the department, having remained in the position of Assistant Secretary which he held under the Harrison administration, and which he seems likely to continue to hold as long as he is willing. Inasmuch as party politics play a smaller part in the War Department than in any of the Executive departments of the government, there is no reason why Gen. Grant should decline to remain because of his being a republican. The duties of Deputy President take up so much of Lamont's time that he has none to give to the business of the War Department, and it is probable that his reason lately given for not having appointed a democratic assistant is correct—his inability to get a democrat able to fill the chair of acting secretary who is willing to do it for the salary of assistant secretary—\$4,000 a year.

Efforts are being made to secure an immediate adjournment of Congress when the silver question shall be disposed of.

SCHOOLBOY TACTICS.

What petty, peevish demagogic argument the democratic press is now using to excuse the administration for being the fault of the present hard times. "We haven't done a thing yet," they cry. "Everything is just as the republican administration left it." Public trust and confidence is gone. Financial circles disrupted; industries closed; thousands of laboring men idle; wages reduced; starvation staring many in the face; no market for farmer's products, and no money for rich or poor. Is this the condition of eight months ago?

It is very true—only too true—that the democrats have done nothing, and that is just what is wrong. Why don't they do something? They, for weeks and weeks, when the present condition of affairs was imminent, called for the repeal of the Sherman bill. What was the result? Congress was called, with the help of the republican members Congress passed the repeal bill and now for seven long weeks the democratic Senate has failed to do anything but show to the world what consummate asses he people of the United States elect to make laws for them. The struggle for repeal has been no party measure. Twenty-seven republican Senators stood ready at any time to vote for repeal but the requisite eighteen democratic Senators did not "do anything."

And this is the way the party now in power has not "done anything." They are fighting among themselves and while fighting the country is going to the dogs. It is this state of uncertainty, of untrustworthiness that is doing the whole business. The men with money are afraid to invest; the manufacturers dare not branch out because they do not know whether they are drifting. There has been no financial policy mapped out; there has been no declaration as to whether our protective tariff should stand or be torn down; in fact, there has been no nothing, and the *democratic* is being run by the very villos of our financial, industrial and agricultural life. And yet they cry, "it is not our fault, we have done nothing." Shame on a party, who secured its position by intrigue, treachery and falsehood, to show so much lack of backbone as to be afraid to legislate in accordance with their promises and platform. Now that you have got a hold on the reins of the government drive the team, or else be men enough to acknowledge you were not trained for the position. And if the democratic press throughout the country has any respect for themselves and party, they will quit blaming the present situation on wrong causes and give more space to educating their "law-makers" how to make laws.

NOT AN ABSOLUTE MONARCH.

A Southern paper characterizes the attitude of President Cleveland toward Congress as that of "a slave driver cracking his whip over the backs of Senators and Representatives in Congress."

The simile is a good one, considering what section of the country contributed most largely to the election of Mr. Cleveland, and the source of the remark. Mr. Cleveland knew that he had "a wild team" before Congress met, and a "wild team" needs the lash. Can it be that some of the Southern Congressmen are smarting under the Cleveland lash? Is Free-Trade being pushed too far to suit their interests?

It cannot be that the autocratic and domineering disposition of Mr. Cleveland can be objectionable to the Southerners. They knew what manner of man he was before they elected him—a supreme being of the most extreme selfishness, who thinks he knows more and better than anybody else, and who is deliberately checking the industrial progress of the country by his attempts to act the autocrat over Congress. His English learning has made the man forget himself. He thinks our Government is that of an absolute Monarchy, not of a Republic.

PROGRESS, PROTECTION, PROSPERITY.

McKinley should be elected governor of Ohio because he represents the principles of the three P's, Protection, progress and prosperity, which are the Republican qualifications for President. The people of our country were made to believe that a change was necessary in the administration of the affairs of the nation. This change is here in all its glory. Even those who voted for it would be glad to have McKinley lead them out of the "Mephes" that was so cunningly spread to catch the suffrages of the voters of those whom the thought wanted better times. Elect McKinley Governor of Ohio and it will be just recognition to the leader of the grand old party.

—Get your job work done at this office. It will pay you to consult us.

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

New York, Oct. 21, 1893

Still the Senate debate drags its weary course, and still Wall Street as wearily waits for its conclusion. If evidence were waiting of the serious effect of this delay, it stands out clearly in the fact another of our great railroad corporations has been compelled to seek protection in a receivership. The statement of the Union Pacific's finances, on the application for a receiver, is mainly a recital of the immense losses of business pending the late silver depression and the protracted deferment of repeal, and it is very doubtful whether the Company would have drifted into its acknowledged bankruptcy had it not been for these drains upon its business.

The Union Pacific is by no means the only one of our railroad corporations that has seriously suffered from this cause, and there is too much reason to fear that, if the silver question were allowed to remain much longer unsettled, other embarrassments may not unlikely result. The signs at Washington however are now looking brighter, and we may be permitted to hope that the deadly incubus of suspended legislation will soon be removed from the business and the credit of the country. The people are so positively incredulous that the Senate will dare to persist much longer in disregarding their unmistakable expression will, that their attitude is one of impatient waiting rather than dependency; nor is it supposed that even were the repeal measure to fail of adoption in the Upper House, such defeat would amount to anything more than a transient postponement of success. In no well-informed quarters is the continued unlimited time issue of silver money regarded as a possibility; and that confidence is an anchor that will keep the country from again drifting on the rocks of panic from which we have just escaped. The positiveness of this confidence is the main cause of the underlying strength of the investment market which is keeping the "bears" timid about selling and induces a spirit of buying upon any improving change in the posture of the Senate. It is evident that a similar view of the prospects of silver reform is taken in the foreign markets for our securities; for, disheartening as the action of the Senate may be supposed to be upon observers at such a distance, yet there has been no noteworthy return of our securities since the silver vote of the House of Representatives, except in the case of certain stocks which have been unfavorably affected by quite other causes.

But while this confidence in the ultimate suspension of silver purchases serves as a strong support to the market, the delay of that conclusion acts in many ways as a drag upon both values and transactions. It keeps up a reservation in the larger operations of corporate credit, which tends to the embarrassment of railroad finance.

It puts obstacles in the way of the resuscitation of important roads now in the process of financial reconstruction; and it throws a certain cloud of suspicion around properties which otherwise would enjoy unqualified confidence; all of which has a certain effect upon railroad investments for the time being.

Upon business operations at large, the position of the Senate also has a discouraging effect. Among the mass of traders, the situation is not so clearly understood as it is in the higher circles of capital, and there, therefore, the confidence in the ultimate adoption of repeal has a less positive sustaining effect. Consequently, in the retail business, the growing excitement at Washington rather tends to suggest distrust than to encourage hope. But while this much has to be conceded, yet it cannot be denied that, in the commercial situation at large, there are many elements suggestive of hope. The past disasters have purged business of its weak points and the basis of credit is sounder than it was before the depression. Industries are resuming their suspended work, and in many cases under conditions which will yield improved profits. Labor is being correspondingly called into more regular employment and the purchasing power of the working millions is thereby being increased. The increasing supply of products has not sufficed to fill the vacuum caused by depleted stocks, and, as a rule, prices of commodities are consequently well sustained. Taken as a whole the commercial situation is such that, in case of the passage of silver repeal, there could hardly fail to be a marked revival of trade and a large return towards general normal conditions. Considering that all the present indications point to the early forcing of a vote on silver repeal, it will therefore be apparent how near we may possibly be to a general revival of business.

Monetary movements continue in the directions of an ease calculated to stimulate any reviving tendency that may arise in business. Throughout the entire country, money is accessible to sound borrowers. At this centre, the reserves of the banks have risen to figures rarely touched at this season of the year; and although this is an evidence of business depression yet it may at any moment become the cause of its revival. The course of our foreign trade is so largely in favor of this country as to neutralize the late uneasiness as to whether we might not find it necessary to return some of the gold lately imported from Europe. Upon the whole, therefore, present conditions are, in our view, suggestive of an early recovery from the effects remaining from the late depression.

HENRY CLEWS.

A STILL HUNT.

The campaign in Centre county this year can be characterized only as "a still hunt," and even after the polls shall have closed on the 7th of November it is probable that some of the Candidates will be "still hunting" for votes; they will have to, to get elected. Of course, it cannot be even predicted at this writing who the successful men may be, but unless present indications go by default, the Republicans are going to elect a good part, if not their entire ticket, if the persons whose duty it is to see to it that a full vote is polled. The chances were never better than they are now. With the whole country in a state of disruption over democratic rule—or, more properly, misrule;—the insulted soldier vote; the questionable personnel of the democratic county ticket, compared with the record of the Republican party and the unquestionable ability and integrity of every candidate on the Republican ticket make up a list of fortuitous circumstances that of themselves conspire for democratic defeat and republican victory. The Republican party is indeed fortunate in having in the field, from State ticket down, men who have been tried and not found wanting. Men of experience in the various business walks of life and men about whom no word of reproach or discredit can be said.

Dr. John F. Harter, the popular ex-warden of Mifflin, who heads the county ticket needs no commendation from the press. He is known from one end of the county to the other and everywhere is acknowledged to be the peer of any man on the democratic ticket. His past record in official life is a fit voucher for the way the office of High Sheriff would be conducted should the people of Centre county honor him with an election to that place. And so on down through the entire ticket is a list of men whose very names even are sufficient warrants for the votes of all good and economical government-loving men. The election this fall will be a battle of the people for the people; it will not be a vote on strict party lines. The democrats made promises and pledges which they have most utterly failed to fulfill and carry out and the people are up in arms. The voter may be misled and hoodwinked once, but the same gag cannot be successfully worked the second time. The old soldier may be insulted and robbed of his pension, but he cannot be robbed of his vote and the rebound which is sure to come on the 7th of November will answer with telling effect how the voters have been betrayed by democratic fallacies and falsehoods.

The principles at stake in this campaign are plain, open and simple and cannot be misunderstood. The people are educated on both sides of the question and there is no need of the hurrah and bluster of other campaigns to excite the voter up to the "flopping" point. The Republican candidates are winning votes every day in their canvases of the county and the returns in November will prove that the people have been thinking and acted for themselves.

UTTERLY UNTRUE.

The editor of the *Magnet* in a short review on "Daily Journalism in Bellefonte" adheres to the truth about as close as the renowned Tom Pepper was supposed to have done. In citing the history of the *Daily News* he states that "the writer had editorial control for eight years" and conveys the impression that as soon as he departed the paper ceased to exist. The fact of the matter is that "the writer" never had editorial control or the management until the office was leased to other parties on January 1, 1892, and the *News* did not "cease to exist" until March 12, 1892. If "the writer" desires to run a prohibition paper he should do so fully, and the best way to commence is to prohibit such falsehoods from finding a place in its columns.

C. L. Gates assumed control of the *Daily News* October 21, 1889, and run it until the office was leased to other parties on January 1, 1892, and the *News* did not "cease to exist" until March 12, 1892. If "the writer" desires to run a prohibition paper he should do so fully, and the best way to commence is to prohibit such falsehoods from finding a place in its columns.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARD POVERTY.

Severe depression of agricultural industry in the West is not a matter of importance solely to the people of that region. Inability to pay interest on Western mortgages or any reduction of productive capacity only serves to indicate in what manner the interests of the East are bound up with those of the West. A policy which tends to force debtors into hard bargains cannot, in the long run, be profitable to creditors. The Eastern man who has lent his money in the west has as much interest in Western prosperity as the manufacturer or the merchant who sells his goods in that quarter. The men who cultivate the soil are really one-half of the whole body of the people. That which impoverishes them, that which denies to them a full reward for their labor and their investment in land and tools, inflicts hurt upon the nation as a whole with the same certainty that injury to the limb of a man fills his entire body with pain.

Why are the farmers poor? To discover the true answer to that question and then to apply the remedy is a matter of the very first importance to the business interests of the nation. It is beyond dispute that the farmers are compelled now to produce a greater quantity of material for a given number of dollars than at any previous time in the history of the country. Some of the things they buy have cheapened with the price of grain; but their taxes and the interest they must pay remain at the old figures. The price of wheat has been falling, almost constantly, for twenty years. It fell last week. The plain indications are that it will fall next week. Just in what degree it declined may be perceived with great clearness by regarding the figures which show the exports stated in terms of dollars this year and last year. We now have the exports for the nine months to September 30. Comparing them with the exports for the corresponding period last year we find that:

The exports of wheat were less, in bushels, 2,000,000.

The exports of wheat were less, in dollars, 18,000,000.

This decline in value occurred, not at a time when the cereal was produced in excessive quantities, but when the crop was short.

Taking another commodity, we find a somewhat similar showing for the first nine months of this year and last year:

The exports of flour were less, in barrels, 1,100,000.

The exports of flour were less, in dollars, 2,300,000.

Even more striking are the figures representing the quantities and values of our petroleum exports during the periods named:

The exports of crude petroleum were more, in gallons, 13,000,000.

The exports of crude petroleum were less, in dollars, 3,000,000.

Thus for very much more of one of the most important of our products we obtained from the Europeans who prey upon this country very much less money.

The full statistics of the cotton exports for the nine months are not as yet available; but taking the exports for September, 1892 and 1893, and comparing them, we find:

The exports of cotton were less, in bales, 17,000.

The exports of cotton were less, in dollars, 215,000.

All of these figures show that we are sending to Europe an increasing quantity of our wealth for a continuously decreasing amount of money. The more we offer in payment of debts held by our foreign creditors the less debt is extinguished. In fact, much of the American debt held abroad is now larger than it was when first incurred, although we seem to have canceled great amounts of it. This extraordinary and alarming condition of things can be attributed to but one cause—the value of gold, the metal that measures the other values, is advancing. The nation is being robbed, and our wealth producers of all classes are being forced into poverty, for the advantage of the creditor and money owning classes of the world. If this be not the explanation of the destruction that is going on, is it not high time that some other sufficient explanation should be offered and a complete remedy applied? No statesman was ever called upon to perform a more important duty than to stop this movement toward the ruin of the Americans who create the wealth of the nation.—*New York Press.*

Do the "daily prayers" of President Cleveland ever beg of the Almighty that soup may be provided for the unemployed and their families now that they are out of work under his administration, or does the Almighty Cleveland forget "the plain people" now that they are in the soup, or are all the "daily prayers," needed to get himself and his party out of the soup?

ONE COUNTRY CUSTOM

HOW SYMPATHY WELLS UP WHEN DEATH'S SHADOW DESCENDS.

The Universal and Spontaneous Condolence That Is Called Into Being by a Death in the Family—A Funeral Ceremony in the Busy Harvest Time.

He died in the morning—died in the farmhouse where he was born—in the quiet, peaceful neighborhood in which he had grown almost to manhood, where for miles around the farmers and their families knew him or his parents. Before the sun set that warm summer day everybody knew that Thomas Baker's son James was dead, and that the funeral would occur two days later at 2 o'clock p. m. How did everybody know it? The clerk in the store at the Corners did it such farmers, their wives, sons and daughters as came to trade, and they passed the word along. If no one was visible in the fields, they called in front of each house they passed until the door opened. If the caller was the farmer or one of his sons, the message of death was delivered in this way:

"Tom Baker's boy Jim died yesterday. Funeral day after tomorrow at 2 o'clock." If the farmer's wife or daughter told the sorrowful news, it was done in this way, or about so: "Mrs. Thomas Baker's son James is dead—died at 9 o'clock this morning. He will be buried day after tomorrow at 2. Mrs. Dietrich will take a bunch of sweet pea blossoms, and I am going to send John over to the pond for some lilies. Can't you take some pansies, phlox and geraniums? I heard that Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Good are going to take mignonette and goldrod."

I was nearly half a mile away, but I heard Farmer Leach call to Farmer Holliday and say: "Did you know that poor Jim Baker was dead? Yes, died this morning. Burial takes place at 2 o'clock Wednesday." Not less than a dozen different persons told the news to my neighbors, pioneers of the neighborhood. That is the way everybody for five miles roundabout came to know of the sorrow in the home of generous neighbor Baker.

My friend asked me if I cared to go to the funeral. I did. The day before I had taken a long ride through the neighborhood and had noticed that all the farmers and their sons and on some farms the wives and daughters were as busy as beavers in harvest fields. The broad brimmed hats all wore—men, boys and women—the plain gray, brown or half red wearing apparel made the women all look alike, and it was not easy to tell one man from another. But they were substantial citizens, specimens of the real bone and sinew of the land. "They will not look like the same people when you see them at young Baker's funeral," remarked my friend. "Do you mean to tell me that those farmers and their families in this busy harvest time will stop work, or more than a few of them, to attend a funeral?" "Watch and see," was his lone response to a question he seemed astonished to hear propounded.

Soon after 1 o'clock there were seen little dust clouds on half a dozen roads centering at the Corners half a mile from Baker's. "We will go early, so that you may see our people under different circumstances—see them away from their farms, out of their working suits and in their dress-up clothes." Half an hour before it was time for the services to begin there was a constant coming of carriages—bright, clean, modern carriages—all bearing men with clean shaven faces, clad in stylish clothes, women in fine gowns and hats, and children as pretty of feature and as well dressed as their city cousins, and they looked and were a great deal healthier.

For a quarter of a mile on both sides of the road teams were hitched to the fences. The house of mourning was crowded, and the ample grounds were filled with sympathizing neighbors and friends. As far as the eye could reach—and it could reach a long way in that level tract of the finest farming land in Wisconsin—not a farmer or a member of his family or a hired man could be seen at work that afternoon. All work had been suspended that everybody might go to the funeral.

What a beautiful custom that! A brother farmer and his family were in sorrow. Their neighbors would express their sympathy by participating in the last sad rites by following the silent sleeper to the grave. This they did, and with a warm press of the hand, and in many cases a choking, broken word of regret at the loss they had met with, they lifted a heavy load from the hearts of the weeping family.

The hymns were sung by a hurriedly collected choir from a couple of farmers' families. I shall never forget the soft, solemn, sympathetic way in which the possessors of those sweet voices rendered the touching hymns. The young minister read the beautiful and impressive Episcopal service in a clear, ringing voice, as though he had done so many times, but that was his first experience as pastor at a funeral. Several different nationalities were present. Baptists, Methodists, Catholics, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and those who belong to no church reverently bowed their heads when the good man spoke his message to the King of kings, who looks into hearts instead of church pews when he seeks to know of and about his people.

My attention was called to two clusters of men, one under an apple tree and the other under a maple. In the welcome shade of the latter were a dozen or more of gray haired men. On their left breasts were pinned a familiar badge. These men had come from a dozen widely separated farms for the purpose of showing their comrade in trouble that they were ready with sympathy and would be glad to aid him in any manner in their power. They were soldiers—comrades of Baker, who had been a hero in the Thirtieth New York. While I was not surprised to see this evidence of brotherly love of true comradeship—I was deeply affected by it.

Under the other tree there was assembled a delegation of Odd Fellows from the lodge to which the young man's father belonged. There, too, was evidence of true fraternity. The fraternal spirit was apparent on all sides. How beautiful, strong, helpful and splendid is the true fraternal spirit!

Do forgive evidence of weakness when I say that some of the time I was watching that long procession—it was more than a mile long—winding its way to the little graveyard on the hill overlooking the old mill pond I watched through tears! It was my first experience at a funeral in the country. The impression it made will be lasting. "It was just an average funeral," was my friend's remark on my comment that it was the most impressive funeral that I had ever attended.—J. A. Watrous in Milwaukee Telegraph.

The Penalty.

"Ho! You say your prayers every night and morning, do you?" jeered the bad little boy. "Yes, and so would you if you had to do it or take a lickin'," replied the good little boy firmly.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT SUCH A BAD SWINDLE.

A Bad Umbrella Habit Is Cured For the Outlay of \$1.

Some years ago I answered an advertisement which offered in return for a \$1 bill to send an infallible remedy for the habit of leaving one's umbrella behind in offices and more especially in vehicles. As a money maker that advertiser was a distinct genius, for in response to my application and in return for my dollar I received a printed slip, about 4 inches by 8 in size, with the picture of a man alighting from a hack with an open umbrella, which had got stuck fast in the door. Below the picture, which it was explained was purposely drawn out of perspective, were a few lines explaining that if a man would once impress the picture on his mind he would think of it every time he left a vehicle or car and would be prevented thereby from leaving his umbrella behind.

My indignation at this barefaced swindle was so great that what the advertiser advised actually happened. The incident and illustration both became so photographed in my mind's eye every time I carried an umbrella I thought of that absurd illustration, and the dollar I thought thrown away has since saved me many dollars a year in umbrellas. The science of mnemonics is a very peculiar one, and few people understand it. Years ago it was common to tie a knot in one's handkerchief as a reminder of anything, and this plan has been improved upon from time to time. I have a friend who always hangs his hat on one peg in his office and has a small brass file just below the peg. By hanging loose memorandums on this file he can scarcely leave the office without being reminded of important duties or engagements.

Another man, who has no clock in his office, slips "mnemonics" in his watch pocket, so that when he looks to see if it is time to go home he will also notice whether he has forgotten anything. The only duty which no one yet has been able to remember or to invent a scheme for minding a letter written by one's wife. The number of times a rational business man will carry a letter around in his pocket for over a week and then sneak quietly out and mail it in the corner letter box is something remarkable, and this unaccountable neglect of husbandlike duty accounts for no end of misunderstandings and broken friendships among the victims of this species of masculine carelessness.—Waverly Magazine.

His Honor Convinced.

It has not been so very long since the old English court rules passed out of observance, and when they were in vogue nowhere were they observed more strictly than in South Carolina. A rule provided that a lawyer when he spoke in court must wear a black gown and coat, and that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword. On one occasion a lawyer named Pettigrew arose to speak in a case on trial.

"Mr. Pettigrew," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigrew replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigrew," declared the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that the barrister must wear a black gown and coat, does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that it means that both gown and coat must be black?" answered his honor.

"And the law further says," continued Mr. Pettigrew, "that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword, does it not?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pettigrew," the court answered somewhat impatiently.

"And do you mean to say, your honor," questioned Pettigrew, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh?—er—h'm," mused his honor. "You—er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigrew."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Natural Sanitary Agents.

There is no more effective sanitary agent than fire. The ancient who made his napkin of asbestos had but to throw it into the fire when soiled, and it could not be made cleaner. And could we but build our houses of incombustible materials the spring cleaning might be efficiently accomplished by incendiaries. London indeed was purified from a plague by a general conflagration. And almost the one thing which that nearly indestructible disease germ, the bacillus, cannot stand is heat.

But if heat is a great purifier cold is no less a preserver from decay. Amid the eternal snows of the arctic regions the unburied carcasses may lie fresh and uncorrupted for months. The flesh of the mammoth, buried in the frozen soil of Siberia, has resisted decay for untold centuries, and here perhaps we have one of "nature's hints to inventors," for meat is now largely preserved by freezing.

Electricity is also a sanitary agent. When Professor Tyndall was experimenting with atmospheric dust in his classical researches on the origin of the lowest forms of life, he found that an electric discharge passed through a dusty atmosphere purified it by causing the minute particles to settle. And long before these researches it was commonly said and believed that a thunderstorm purified the air. Thus a scientific foundation is found for the popular belief, and the lightning flash takes its place as an accredited sanitary agency.—Chambers' Journal.

The Weather Forecast.

He entered the meteorological service office and said abruptly, "This 'ere' where you give out weather predictions, ain't it?"

The clerk nodded.

"Well," continued the old man, "I thought as how I could come up an give you some tips."

"Yes," said the clerk politely.

"Yes, I've figured out a little, an I find that ye ain't allays right."

"No, we sometimes make mistakes."

"Course you do. We all do some time. Now, I was thinkin as how a line that used to be on the auction handbills down in our county might do fast rate on your weather predictions an save you a lot of explainin'."

"What was the line?"

"Wind an weather permittin'."

He went down without waiting to say goodbye.—London Tit-Bits.

He Overdid It.

Beggar—What made you ask that rich old granddaddy of mine at last. She's interested in benevolent schemes, and I'm helping her night and day to search out worthy objects. Today she said I'd have cause for rejoicing when her will was read.

His Granddaddy to herself—I had no idea my granddaddy was so good. It worries him almost sick to see so much misery in the world. How delighted he will be to find that all my money is to go to the support of the poor, friendless orphans!—New York Weekly.

GETTING RID OF A QUACK.

A Man Who Played the Hair Oil Trick Upon Him to Advantage.

In a New England city not many miles from Boston an old quack doctor known throughout the town for his large supply of "cheek" He had no regular abiding place, but picked up his lodgings around at different cheap boarding houses and lived on the profits of his patent medicines. He spent a good deal of his time in a certain drug store, and, moreover, he was accustomed to go there every morning and use the back shop to make his toilet in. He had an old greasy bottle of hair oil and a brush and comb, which he kept in the shop without leave from anybody. The proprietor got rather tired of having him around so much, and therefore he resorted to stratagem to get rid of him.

He took the hair oil bottle, poured out the oil and carefully replaced it, with a mixture of thin fish glue and bay rum. Then he put the bottle back in its accustomed place.

The next morning the old quack showed up, and after some cordial greetings to the proprietor of the store he asked leave to use the back shop, as was his habit.

"Certainly, certainly," responded the druggist; "the back shop is at your disposal."

Whereupon the old gentleman started in to arrange his toilet. Pouring out a liberal dose of the mixture in the oil bottle, he rubbed it thoroughly over his head till his hair was completely saturated with it. Then he carefully combed and parted his somewhat long locks, and placing his old stovepipe hat squarely on his head he passed out, wishing the proprietor a pleasant "Good morning."

He was seen again after several days by the druggist, but it was not in the drug store. He was crossing the street, and he wore a new soft hat and an extra close hair cut. The druggist went down to a neighboring barber shop. "Did Dr. W. come in here on Wednesday?" he asked.

"I should say he did," replied the barber, "and a madder man than he was never stood up."

"What did you do for him?" inquired the druggist.

"I cut his hair to get his hat off, and then I cut the hat to get the hair off. Liquid glue is pretty strong when it's dry, ain't it?"

"You bet it is," said the druggist.—Boston Journal.

A Gum Chewing Fish.

Some years ago the writer of this article was fishing from a boat in Mississippi sound opposite Biloxi. A tree, growing tired of a piece of gum which she had been trying in vain to learn to like, she dropped it into the water. What was her astonishment when within the next half hour she caught a fish with this identical piece of gum in its mouth. This is a fish story, but it is absolutely true, and not so very remarkable either when one remembers that there were a half dozen lines hanging from the boat at the time, each holding a tempting bait, so that the fish who had snarled up the gum would be apt to linger near the luring snares and be eventually caught.

Supposing, though, that some one else had caught this fish and found the gum, he might have hastily concluded that fish of this particular family—it was a catfish—were addicted to the very vulgar habit of gum chewing, and if he had examined the gum he would have further recognized that the fish had migrated from Mexico, as the gum was a resinous sap of a Mexican tree.

Going still further, he might have surmised that as the fish obviously could not go on shore for the gum, the gum must go to the fish, hence the tree either dropped its life line from branches overhanging the sea or sent out into the water long sappy roots, from which the catfish extracted the gum.

All because a woman thoughtlessly threw a bit of chewing gum over the side of a boat.—Harper's Young People.

Imitative Forms in Flowers.

Those who have given any particular attention to the study of botanical oddities know that the Brazilian flower known as the "running antelope" is so called because its white petals have a series of well defined dark colored lines found in the form of an antelope, with its limbs outstretched and head thrown back, seemingly fleeing for its life. In the "caricature plant" one species has the imitative form on the petals, and another has it outlined in the ribs and shading of the leaves. This last mentioned curiosity bears a remarkably well executed likeness of the Duke of Wellington and has on that account been named "Arthur and His Nose."

Among the orchids the imitative form is entirely different in character, being exhibited in the shape of the flower itself. Some are exact counterparts of flies, butterflies, moths, etc., while others take upon themselves the form of worms and beetles. Naturalists believe that in the first instance it is nature's trap to lure other bees, moths and butterflies, but the case of the worm and beetle orchids, or those that are exact counterparts of toads, lizards and huge spiders, they do not attempt to explain.—St. Louis Republic.

Literal Obscure.

He ate his lunch at one of these feederies where you help yourself at the counter. When he was done, he went to the cashier's desk and asked:

"How much?"

The cashier pointed to a sign which read, "Please tell what you ate."

He looked at it and then said:

"Ham sandwiches and a piece of custard pie."

"Didn't you have a cup of coffee?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say so, then?"

"The sign doesn't say you must tell what you drank."—St. Paul Globe.

Don't Ask Pointed Questions.

There is a point of etiquette which is woefully and very often abused. That is the asking of pointed questions. No one has any right to demand information of another whose interests are not very closely intertwined with the inquirer and connected with the inquisition. But it is a thing that many good and kindly people are most careless about, simply from want of thought, far more than the apparent curiosity. A proper interest is one thing; leading questions are quite another thing.—New York World.

Following Their Elders.

Mamma—What made you ask that naughty little girl to stay and play when you told me you disliked her?

Maggie—Oh, me an Robbie was playin' be growin' folks. We didn't want 'er. We only just told her we did.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

All He Desired.

"My dear sir," said the grateful father, "how can I reward you for dragging my only daughter from a watery grave?"

"Simply do not expect me to marry her," replied the hero.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ERA OF ALUMINIUM.

It Holds Fair to Supersede the Ages of Stone, Bronze and Iron.

Aluminium, which itself possesses a high degree of specific heat, does not readily absorb heat itself, and thus is not liable to the chief objection to iron buildings in hot climates. But apart from light decorative purposes, such as balconies, cupolas, finials and verandas, it is as a roofing material that aluminium should be most welcome to the builder. In plates or scales, two-thirds lighter than copper, uncorroded by air and undimmed even by the sulphur of London smoke it should make a roof fit for a palace of romance.

The humble elements of health and comfort in the house, hardly less important than its external defenses against the weather—pipes, cisterns, taps and gutters, now made of iron which rusts or lead which poisons—would be more enduring and healthily if made of this light and cleanly metal, which might also take the place of all water holding vessels now made of heavy brittle earthenware or painted tin. An aluminium bath is among the probable luxuries of the next century. But it is not as a mere accessory to comfort and convenience that real development of the new metal should lie. It is for use at sea that its most marked quality of lightness obviously fits it.

The marine engineer and the naval architect, who are already looking in this direction for a reduction in the weight which is inseparable from loss of efficiency, whether in speed or cargo, cannot neglect the possibility of a metal which, when mixed in the proportion of 1 to 50, gives to aluminium bronze a hardness and toughness which make it almost as reliable as steel, and which, if the proportions could be reversed and the strength preserved, would reduce the weights of ships and machinery alike by two-thirds. That is a problem which awaits the metallurgists for solution. The reduction in cost, judging by analogy, can only be a question of time and research.

The best steel now costs little more than one-half penny per pound, while aluminium is 50 times that price. But aluminium exists in far greater quantities than iron, is more widely distributed, and neither the limits of time nor the history of metallurgy forbid us to conjecture that, as the world has seen its age of stone, its age of bronze and its age of iron, so it may before long have embarked on a new and even more prosperous era—the age of aluminium.—Spectator.

Stamped by a Bee.

A woman sitting in an elevated train car quietly got up and stood in the aisle. After she had been standing there for about half a minute everybody began to look to see why she did it. Then they discovered that a large bumblebee had taken possession and was sailing around contentedly in the vacant space.

The woman near by looked anxious, and those at the other end of the car looked amused. Several of the men looked as though they would like to do something, but did not know just what.

Then the bee concluded to move on and try some other seats. In less than another half minute every one on that side of the car had vacated and was standing in the aisle.

Some of the people looked silly, others looked annoyed, and others had a broad grin, evidently enjoying the fun of the situation.

One man took off his hat to strike at the bee.

"Don't try to fight him!" shrieked another. "You'll get stung sure."

A tall, dignified looking woman in black satin executed a deliberate Desartean curve at that moment to evade the bee, and a fat man stepped back on a small woman's corns.

Then a stout, good natured looking man, in a tall gray hat, who had been sitting on the other side, quietly got up and opened one of the closed blinds, and Mr. Beesailed with the utmost composure.

No one said anything but the woman who had first stood up, and she thanked the man in the gray hat right out loud and with considerable emphasis.—New York Recorder.

Ill Tempered.

Sir Francis Nicholson, who was sent over by the English government some 300 years ago as lieutenant governor of New England, left behind him a reputation for bad temper.

He refused to consider the advice of members of his own council and abused them even in session. His oaths and threats could be heard even at a distance from the council room.

"One might as well pretend to describe a hurricane to one that never saw it as to try to describe the brutality and savagery of his passions," quotes The Magazine of American History in discussing him, but the cleverest bit of characterization comes from an Indian's lips. While he had command of the army Nicholson fell into one of those fits of rage wherein he almost seemed to lose command of his reason.

"The general is drunk," said the Indian to an officer.

"No," was the reply, "he never drinks any strong liquor."

"I do not mean that he is drunk with rum," said the Indian. "He was born drunk!"

What's In a Name?

The custom of giving a designating name to a saloon, following the practice of the English innkeepers, has not entirely died out in New York, but it is certainly undergoing a decline. Now nearly every saloon in this part of the country bears the name of the proprietor over the door, and that is all.

In the south and west, and perhaps more particularly in the extreme southwest, the custom is maintained with full force. In Texas the traveler is in every town or city confronted with such names as the Lone Star, Three Brothers, White Elephant and the like. The eternal fitness of a name used to designate a saloon, however, is nowhere better exemplified than in Santa Fe, where a proprietor, according to a recent traveler, has christened his establishment "Nose Paint."—New York Herald.

Cromwell.

Cromwell, when at school, had a hallucination in his room. Suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic stature appeared to him, announcing his future greatness. In the days of his power he liked to recount this vision. Cromwell had violent attacks of melancholic humor. He spoke of his hypochondria. His entire moral life was molded by a sickly and superstitious constitution, which he had at birth.—New York Times.

Golden Eagle's Eggs.

At a recent auction sale of zoological rarities in London a fine set of golden eagle's eggs, two in number, were "knocked down" at £25, and 3 guineas were exchanged even for one egg of the swallowtailed kite.—St. Louis Republic.

A TURKISH WEDDING.

The Grotesquely Adorned Bride Sits in State For Three Days.

For fully two hours we sat crosslegged on the couch before word came that the bride was approaching. Then we all crowded into the hall and up one flight of stairs to the room especially prepared for the reception of the bride. This room was gorgeously furnished in European style, with a bright red carpet, chairs upholstered in scarlet and gold satin, and with window hangings of the same material. Between the two windows opposite the door a large armchair stood beneath a bower of artificial rosebushes profusely blossoming with red and yellow tissue paper roses. The other chairs were ranged against the wall on three sides of the room.

A great tumult and clatter of voices announced the arrival of the bride. As the party was heard ascending the stairs all the women, who had removed their veils on coming into the house, hastily threw them over their heads again. First came the sister of the groom (the real hostess), then the bride's relatives (only women, of course), and then the groom, a fine looking young man in dark blue military uniform, holding the bride by the elbow. At sight of her all the women broke out in exclamations of pious admiration. And certainly her costume was gorgeous enough to excite wonder at least. She was dressed in a long trained gown of pink satin, embroidered with silver roses. Her tightly curled hair was crowned with white ostrich plumes, and fastened with a spray of diamonds, and a veil of silk and tulle fell to the end of her train. From her headpiece, on either side of her face, dangled long streamers of silver tulle threads.

But all this elegance by no means drew attention from the face of the bride, which was made most conspicuous by being adorned with big clusters of brilliant studs with gum arabic on the forehead, each cheek and chin. I need not add that the effect was grotesque.

The groom escorted her into the room of state, and the guests were pressing in after them, when a relative of the bride quickly closed the door and held it for a few minutes until it was opened by the young man. The moment he reappeared the women threw their veils over their heads again and literally pushed him down stairs with all speed, exclaiming, "Hurry, hurry!" It was an undignified retreat, but as it was an innovation to allow the bridegroom even this much participation in the ceremony properly made it necessary for him to withdraw as soon as he had seated the bride. They told us that he would go to his part of the house to make merry with his masculine friends.

As soon as he had vanished below we all flocked in to look at the bride. She was carefully arranged in the chair under the tissue paper roses. Her downcast eyes were fixed upon her folded, white gloved hands, where rings sparkled on every finger, and as we sat solemnly about the room in a silent, admiring circle, with eyes fixed upon this rigid, inanimate looking figure, I felt as if we were assisting at the worship of some heathen idol. An extra pair of arms would have made the illusion quite complete. But after a few minutes had elapsed the bride proved herself a human being by fainting away. Of course this caused great tumult and confusion.

The women all talked at once and rushed wildly about like so many hens, until at last the bride was carried into another room to recover her breath. It was not long before she was back in the chair of state, as rigid as ever.

Later in the day, and after partaking of a meal that had been prepared for us, we went back to drink a last cup of coffee in the presence of the bride and to chat a little with our hostess before taking leave. Several of the bride's relatives were just going, and each of them kissed her on either cheek (carefully, so as not to dislodge the diamonds) and whispered something in her ear, to which she replied with eyes still downcast. Poor thing! They told us that she would have to sit in state for three successive days before the wedding could be considered at an end.

At last, with many salaams and exchanges of compliments, we took leave of all the assembly. Our hostess shook hands with us—out of respect to our custom—and thanked us elaborately for our presence at the ceremony. And the smiling throng of slaves followed us to the street door, reiterating: "Goodbye! Come again!" until our carriage rattled away over the cobblestones of Stamboul.—New York Post.

Reserved For Royal Smokers.

In the Abajo valley is a small, low piece of country, about five miles from Havana, capable of producing tobacco enough to make 30,000 cigars annually, or about one-quarter of the number smoked every six months in Washington. Without question, the tobacco is the finest grown. The result is the kings and noblemen of England, Russia, Germany, France and other European countries gobble them up. Every single cigar made of Vuelta Abajo tobacco is sold to them at prices ranging from \$20 to \$150 a hundred.

American would never pay that price, especially when the \$20 to \$150 a hundred does not include the tariff, which would make the poorest quality of these cigars sell at 47 cents apiece, wholesale. These cigars are bought and paid for, too, by the way, long before the crop is ever harvested. Manufacturers, with that remarkable coolness with which some men are endowed, proceed to call all qualities and kinds of Cuban cigars Havana and Vuelta Abajo, when half of them never saw a cigar of that growth.—Washington News.

Cast Its Shadow Before.

In one of Hawthorne's eerie tales, suggested, as he tells us, by fact, the shadow of a terrible event is cast before through the medium of a picture.

A painter while taking the portraits of a bridal pair was moved by some mysterious impulse to make a sketch for his own keeping, representing the bridegroom, with a look of frenzy in his face, in the act of plunging a knife into the bosom of his terrified bride.

Time passed, and the painter revisiting their home beheld the ill fated young man, with the very look and attitude he had portrayed, about to fulfill the pictured crime and was only just in time to stay his hand.—London Tit-Bits.

Taxes In Saxony.

The government of Saxony has instituted a unique method of enforcing the payment of taxes. The names of persons who did not pay their taxes last year are printed and hung up in all the restaurants and saloons. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink under penalty of losing their license.—Exchange.

Explained.

Mr. Prime—Mrs. Dawson fairly worships that son of hers.

Miss Spiteloff—Yes, he is so unlike his father.—Music and Drama.

THE DINNER HORN.

Ah! I glad that I was born When I hear the dinner horn? Oh, that bell tolls too, How it thrills a fellow through!

Talk about yer symphonies! Now, I tell y' what it is, Angels' harps don't stand a show When their horn begins to blow.

Don't I quit the pecky plow Kind o' mighty sudden now When I hear the welcome sound Echoin' from the woods around!

Gosh, them burstin' t

AN ETCHING.

BY HARRIET C. BURCH.

DARIUS TULLIVER is the laziest man in town—ay, in a score of towns. He boards at Hotel Holister. This is not a business advertisement, but Hotel Holister is the best kept house on the whole line of a certain important railway and, being popular, it is not the most economical place in the world in which to live, especially if one occupies, as Darius does, a whole suite of rooms on the second floor, including a corner room and bay window.

Darius' mother was a wealthy woman—a lovely, white-haired, kind-eyed, plump but delicate old lady. She was fond and proud of her son; Darius was her life.

When Darius was quite a young man the girls had given him the name of Handsome—and no wonder! His eyes alone would have made a plain face beautiful; but put them with the wavy hair, clear complexion, winning smile, fine form and exquisite dress of Darius Tulliver, and you have—Handsome!

Of course all women admired Handsome—no one could help it; even the men were very fond of him: still it was not until Darius was thirty that his mother became alarmed for her happiness. He was out four evenings in a week, and actually exerted himself to rise in time to take the ten o'clock train for a picnic! Mrs. Tulliver and Handsome had a quiet talk that night after he returned. Mrs. Tulliver said—

"I allow you two thousand a year for spending money. You will have that during your lifetime, and what ever else I have at my death; but you must never marry unless you support your wife unaided. If you care enough for any woman to refuse what I give, you are of age and can commence life yourself. Yes, I will even allow you the two thousand a year; but remember too that your tastes are expensive, and if you have hardly sufficient income now, when your hotel and laundry bills are paid by me, I am afraid you cannot share it with another. You must add to it by work."

Handsome was in one of his mother's easiest chairs, his dark curls resting against the velvet cushions, his feet upon his highest foot rest; he had just eaten a delicious dinner, and a box of choice cigars was within easy reach of his white hand. He was silent for a time; but he never hurried, even in his talk, for he was a lazy man—so lazy that if the men about town were perfectly idle or taking a vacation, they would say they were working for Darius Tulliver.

"Do you think I have a talent for any particular sort of labor, mother?"

"Not unless you call eating and sleeping labor, Darius."

"It is not always pleasant to work, and there are so many poor fellows that really need every satisfactory situation—and the ranks are quite overcrowded, don't you think?"

"Any rank that you would fall into will be overcrowded, I am sure. There are enough poor workmen in the world now."

"Well, mother, you are about the best woman that I know. You are not so young as Polly Putnam—really, I was quite pleased with her to-day; but she is not wealthy enough to treat me so well as you do, so—I think I will keep my rooms awhile longer."

"You must never marry, Darius, so long as I live. I don't want a woman always in my way. I am not going over this talk again this year—next year—nor in ten years; so settle it now for the future."

"All right, mother—I'll take a life lease on my rooms and my income. I am afraid Polly is too energetic for me, any way. I admire all the girls; but you need not fear of anything more serious. Be careful not to run into any speculation; I should dislike to have my bank fail. Will you hand me the evening paper and arrange the shade for me?"

Mrs. Tulliver handed Handsome the paper, shaded his eyes from the light then bent and kissed the red lips under the dark mustache. The tender dark eyes smiled back at hers, and so she left him.

"I have saved my spoiled boy from certain misery," she thought. "No woman could be to him what I am. By-and-by, when I am gone, he can marry if he so desires. By that time his character will be matured; he will know how to choose and how to promote a wife's happiness as well as his own."

One beautiful morning, several years after Handsome chose his mother as above all women—not because of selfishness, but for his greater love for her and her greater need of him—the sun, slipping in between the shutters, fell upon the folded hands of Mrs. Tulliver, and flashed upon the sweet, unmoved face that smiled over the beautiful mystery of life. Then a woman came and drew the sheet in deathly lines over the white fingers and the calm face, and left the room. Later, there was a grand funeral, and after it all Handsome mourned for weeks, realizing for the first time what his mother had been to him. She had been the first to greet him in the morning; they had ridden and walked together during the day, and hers had been the last face he saw at night, never leaving her without a good-night kiss, even though she had gone to bed hours before.

Handsome was not old looking; there was a sprinkling of gray hair with the black, but he had not remembered that he was young with yourself twenty years ago, you might have taken him for thirty. People said he would never marry, even after his mother died; but no one could be more

helpless, more in need of a wife than lazy, useless Handsome, and after a little—not until a full year of loneliness—he began to wonder what life was worth, and what made it happy for some men.

He began to think of all the marriageable women of his acquaintance. One after another he told them off to himself as the curls of cigar smoke circled above his head, until just one seemed to him fairest and best. To be sure no one might consent to marry him, and honest Darius admitted that of the half dozen women of whom he had thought every one was worthy a better husband than he could be to her.

And Darius' choice? Alas for apparent harmony—it was Hope Hastings, an enthusiast!

Hope was never idle; never too busy to be helpful. She sang in the church choir, was president or secretary of three or four different societies, was always one of the committee, for whatever required a woman's earnestness or enthusiasm, taught in the mission school, trimmed her own hats, rode a bicycle, but above all was sweet and womanly.

Hope thought it mere chance when Handsome was kind to her—he was always kind to every one—and to one commented, for a wonder, as Handsome was not a marrying man. But one day Handsome said that to Hope which changed all of life for two souls, and Hope's friendship, which had really been love in a quiet, maidenly fashion, blossomed, in the sunshine of love, into perfect fruition.

There was more than a nine day's wonder—the gossip did not cease until they had been married nine months—for Handsome was so lazy, and Hope so full of enthusiasm, that it was folly to think of happiness coming from such a union.

Is Handsome lazy still? It is his nature to be so, but not in the old aimless way, for he is his wife's friend and companion. He is interested in her plans; his money is lavished upon her poor; he goes with her to the little mission school, and he has even taught a class of the curly-headed, bright-eyed little boys, who were as restless as so many sparrows in the springtime, because Hope went to him saying with a smile, "I really need you, dear—there is no other."

You know how much men will do for love. Darius Tulliver, for sweet love's sake, is making life beautiful for many. And now the question rises, was his own life wasted during all the years he remained single at his mother's behest, or was he gaining that knowledge of self, that power of self-repression, without which marriage is so dangerous an experiment?

SOVEREIGN.
Humphreys' Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the sovereign remedies of the world.

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FINAL EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENT FOR WORLD'S FAIR TRAVEL.

Commencing October 20th, and continuing until Sunday, October 29th inclusive, excursion tickets to Chicago will be placed on sale, and will be good for passage on all trains except the Pennsylvania Limited, from York, Harrisburg, and points west on the main line, including the branches, Frederick Division, Cumberland Valley Railroad, Lewistown Division to Selinsgrove, Tyrone Division to Lock Haven, Altoona, Cambria and Clearfield, Southwest Penn Division and Monongahela and Bedford Divisions.

\$16.00 from York, \$16.00 from Frederick, \$15.75 from Harrisburg, \$14.50 from Altoona, and proportionate rates from other stations.

This arrangement is a most unexceptional one, and will undoubtedly be the cause of many visiting the great Exposition during the closing days, who would not otherwise undertake the journey.

All who can do so are advised to see the Fair, as it is highly improbable that another of its immense magnitude will be seen by the readers of these lines. A liberal education in itself is to be obtained by an inspection of the incomprehensibly large collection of wonderful inventions and sights incorporated in this mighty effort of the American people.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS

"THE KIND THAT CURES."

Ripans Tabules are always ready.

"Female Sufferers,"

"Hear me."

"Many times I wished I was dead before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"I was discouraged, broken-hearted. I was so ill with female trouble I could not walk or stand, and had to be assisted to my feet when arising from a chair. My head

whirled, and back ached, but worst of all was that awful crowding-down feeling in my abdomen."

"A friend told me of the Vegetable Compound; her faith won mine, and now I am well. Oh! how can I return thanks to Mrs. Pinkham!"

"Every woman troubled with uterus or womb troubles can be cured, for it cured me, and will them."—Mrs. Kerhaugh, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25 cents.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD.

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis.	A.M.	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN	1.8	4:40	9:25
Flemington-f	3.4	4:45	9:30
Mill Hill	3.9	4:46	9:31
Beech Creek	4.5	4:46	9:32
Howardsville	5.1	4:50	9:45
Howardsville	5.7	4:57	9:44
Mill Eagle-f	17.7	6:14	10:02
Clinton	18.1	6:18	10:05
Millburg	23.5	6:25	10:15
BELLEFONTE	25.5	6:35	10:18
Millburg	26.5	6:38	10:18
SNOW SHOES Int.	54.8	9:48	10:43
Unimoville	58.8	9:50	10:41
Judith	82.9	9:55	11:00
Marathon	88.9	10:00	11:01
Port Matilda	40.4	6:21	11:17
Hannab-f	48.7	6:28	11:26
Farmington	49.7	6:30	11:28
Dix-f	46.8	6:32	11:24
Bald Eagle	49.5	6:38	11:28
East Tyrone	51.2	6:42	11:31
East Tyrone	53.9	6:48	11:48
TYLICO	54.8	6:52	11:45

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at \$1.50 per annum. BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	2m	1m	1y
One inch 12 lines this type.....	\$ 5	\$ 8	\$ 12
Two inches.....	10	15	20
Three inches.....	15	20	25
Four inches.....	20	25	30
Half column.....	25	30	35
One column.....	30	35	40

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type. All advertisements due after the first insertion. Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year. Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion. Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, \$8 per annum. All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion. Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisements at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
DAVID NEWLIN FELL of Philadelphia.
FOR STATE TREASURER,
S. M. JACKSON, of Armstrong county.
Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.
FOR TREASURER,
R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.
FOR REGISTER,
J. E. RICKARD, of Rush Twp.
FOR RECORDER,
J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.
FOR CORONER,
DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.
FOR AUDITORS,
E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.
Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Mallin, Secretary, " "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary, " "
H. C. Quigley, " "
DISTRICT. NAME. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N. W. W. Fleming, " "
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " "
Centre Hall boro, B. F. Brislin, " "
Bender Twp., " " " " " "
Boggs Twp., E. P. J. Parker, " "
Boggs Twp., W. P. P. Stonerode, " "
Boggs Twp., N. P. Jacob Yarnell, " "
Burnside Twp., Delon G. Stewart, Moshannon
College Twp., E. P. Wm. Thompson, Jr. Lemont
College Twp., W. P. Philip D. Foster State Coll.
Curtin " " " " " "
Ferguson Twp., E. P. Claudius B. Hess Fairbrook
Ferguson Twp., J. A. Sunday " "
Grege " " " " " "
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Grege " " " " " "
Haines " " " " " "
Haines " " " " " "
Half Moon " " " " " "
Harris " " " " " "
Howard " " " " " "
Huston " " " " " "
Liberty " " " " " "
Marion " " " " " "
Miles " " " " " "
Patton " " " " " "
Potter Twp., N. P. Andrew Gregg, Centre Hall
Potter Twp., S. P. Alexander McCoy Potter Mills
Rush " " " " " "
Rush " " " " " "
Rush " " " " " "
Snowshoe E. P. Alfred Lucas, Snowshoe
Snowshoe W. P. John A. Yeager, Moshannon
Spring Twp., N. P. John G. Dubbs, Bellefonte
Spring " " " " " "
Spring " " " " " "
Taylor " " " " " "
Union " " " " " "
Walker " " " " " "
Worth " " " " " "

RAUM ON PENSIONS.

Ex-Commissioner of Pensions Raum has written to Congressman Mielejohn, of Nebraska, a long letter upon the pension situation, in which he says: "The evidence is quite conclusive that throughout the entire country there is feeling of apprehension and distrust upon the part of the old soldiers who are pensioners, and of despair upon the part of those who are applicants for pensions, because of the radical changes which have been made in the management of the pension office. During July and August more than 5,000 pensions per month were suspended and more than 13,000 were suspended by September 15. The work of settling claims and issuing certificates has almost ceased, and of those claims which are acted upon about 90 per cent. are rejected. The secretary and commissioner claim the authority to reopen and review all admitted claims, and are now actually reviewing 350,000 pensions allowed under the act of June 27, 1890. Over 10,000 claims have been recently sent out for special examination, and estimates for large appropriations have been made for the special examination provision and for medical boards. On October 1 the commissioner announced a reduction of the pension roll during the preceding three months of 1,604 and the public was informed that the high water pension mark appeared to have been reached; that 50,000 names would be dropped from the roll during the present fiscal year and only about 40,000 names added. "Secretary Smith and Judge Lochren enter upon the discharge of the duties of their offices with their minds filled with a grossly exaggerated idea, that the pension

roll was reeled with fraud and that they were the chosen vessels for the execution of a great reform.

"In view of these facts it is to be wondered that the old soldiers do not regard this administration as friendly to their rights and interests. This assault upon the pension roll is mainly an assault upon the private soldiers, men who fought the battles that saved this union at \$13 a month in depreciated money. This assault upon the pension roll is obviously violation of the law."

Commenting upon the unfriendly attitude which this administration holds toward the old soldiers he says: "The report of Secretary Smith to congress shows that from the date of the passage of the pension law on June 27, 1890 to March 16, 1893, when my resignation was accepted, there had been 453,991 claims of all descriptions allowed under said act, and 94,647 claims rejected, while from March 16 to October 10, 1893, there were 34,470 claims allowed and 62,040 rejected under said act. Not in the history of the pension office has there been such wholesale rejection of claims. Old soldiers deserve a better fate than to have fallen upon such times as these. There is no foundation for the belief that there is any considerable number of fraudulent pensions. To suspend and take away their pensions is a short and easy task, but to efface the memory of the injustice will be a laborious undertaking."

SOME STRANGE MISNOMERS.

Much of the Russian leather comes from Connecticut, Bordeaux wine from California, Italian marble from Kentucky, French lace from New York, and Spanish mackerel from the New Jersey coast. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes from Buffalo, N. Y., but there is nothing in its name to criticize for it is truly golden in value, as thousands gladly testify. Consumption is averted by its use, and it has wrought many positive cures. It corrects torpid liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, banishes dyspepsia and scrofula, renews the lease of life, and tones up the system as nothing else will do. What is more, it is guaranteed to do all this, or the price is refunded.

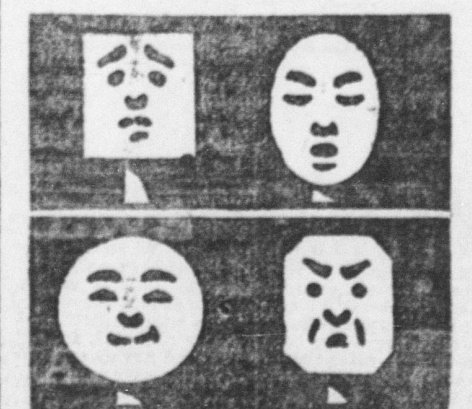
THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

It is about time that our Democratic Congress should pay some attention to the Bankruptcy bill, which has been a subject of spasmodic discussion ever since that last bankrupt law was repealed. The House resolved yesterday to commence next Monday with the Terry bill, which has the endorsement of about 1,000 commercial bodies, law associations, etc., in its general intent and purpose. There are features in it which have met with the criticism of competent men, and discussion will soon bring out the good points in the bill.

A bankruptcy law is much needed just now by reason of the wicked policy pursued by the Senate relative to silver money. There have been about 24,000 more bankruptcies in the United States since the silver panic commenced than take place ordinarily. How widespread the losses are from this can be seen when it is considered that there are at least 20 creditors on the average to each failure. Almost a half a million of citizens have thus been directly affected. An equitable law, considering the claims of all creditors impartially, and capable of dividing the assets without the bulk thereof going into the pockets of lawyers, etc., would be a great boon to the business world.

Such a law was in the minds of the framers of the constitution, but somehow all acts devised to carry out their intention have proven in practice to be defective. Let us hope that the Terry law, even in an amended form, will meet with better success. The law regulating commercial failures should not be a failure itself.

—Tyrone is rejoicing over an expected boom in its industries.



THEY'RE NOT ALL ALIKE—blood medicines. There's only one that is so far-reaching and so unfailing in its effects that it can be guaranteed to do all that's promised for it. That is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If that doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's not like the sarsaparillas or ordinary Spring medicines. They claim to do good in March, April, and May. All the year round, and in all cases, the "Discovery" purifies the blood as nothing else can. Every blood-taint and disorder, Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Scalp Diseases, and the worst forms of Scrofula, are completely and permanently cured by it. Buy of reliable dealers. With any others, something else that pays them better will probably be urged as "just as good." It may be, for them; but it can't be, for you.

For colic, cramps, and pains in stomach, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed.

HIS AFFIDAVIT.

It Will Make People Believe His Wonderful Story.

SUBSCRIBED TO BY ONE OF NEW YORK'S MOST PROMINENT JUSTICES.

Here is the Whole Matter Exactly as It Happened.

State of New York,
County of Washington, } ss.

Lucien Rodd of Whitehall, N. Y., being by me duly sworn, deposes and says that some years ago he suffered very greatly with insomnia, nervous prostration and his body was covered with sores, causing him great pain and annoyance. That his head was so covered with sores that he was hardly able to comb or even brush his hair, so great was the pain it occasioned.

That he consulted the local physicians without successful result; that he took quantities of medicine with no benefit whatever; that physicians told him his disease was incurable and he had come to the same conclusion himself and had made up his mind to go to a hospital and await death.

That just about this time he learned about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, which he began to use. That this remedy entirely relieved and cured him, healed and dried up his sores, enabled him to sleep soundly and comfortably, and restored him to his ordinary vigor and vitality, in short, made a sound and well man of him so that he was fully able to work at his occupation, and has done so since that time.

That he attributes his recovery to Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy as it restored him when everybody and



MR. LUCIEN RODD.

everything else had failed and he had been given over to go to the hospital and die.

Mr. Rodd makes this statement voluntarily and cheerfully out of the sincere gratitude for what the remedy has wrought for him.

LUCIEN RODD.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, A. D., 1893, and I certify the affiant to be a credible and reliable person whose statements may be accepted with confidence and implicitly relied upon, having known him personally for the last twenty-five years, and that I have no interest, direct or indirect, immediate or remote in this matter.

HON. WILLIAM H. TEFIT.

Notary public in and for said County and State, residing at Whitehall, where the deposition was taken and executed.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is purely vegetable and is sold by druggists for \$1.00. As is proven by the wonderful cure of Mr. Rodd, it is the very best medicine possible to take for the blood, nerves, liver, kidneys, etc. It is the discovery and prescription of Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

I suffered for more than ten years with that dreadful disease, catarrh, and used every available medicine that was recommended to me. I cannot thank you enough for the relief which Ely's Cream Balm has afforded me.—Emanuel Meyers, Winfield, L. I., N. Y.

Thousands of men desire to throw off the Tobacco, Opium or Drink Habit, but lack the will-power. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are pleasant, harmless and work a positive cure. Try them and release yourself from a slavery which is slowly destroying your mind and wrecking your nervous system.

THE COW IS KING.

From the Puyallup Commerce.

The cow is the king of beasts. The American eagle flies high, especially on Fourth of July, but whoever heard of his giving milk to raise anything besides his own offspring? The cow cannot fly as high as the American Eagle, but the work she does is forty per cent. the best. She raises the little ones. Notice the children in a family where a cow is kept. Then notice the family where only a pint of milk a day is bought. What a difference! It shows the good work the cow is doing for the rising generation. Therefore, give the people free and unlimited coinage of cows.

—Friday morning President George B. Roberts, Vice Presidents Pugh, Green and Thomson, General Manager Prevost, Superintendent Pitcairn and the board of directors of the Pennsylvania railroad, accompanied by Superintendent

E. L. Sheppard, who had been making an inspection tour of the western branches of the Pennsylvania, passed in a special train down the Bald Eagle Valley road to Lock Haven, en route to Philadelphia via the P. & E. R. R. Assistant Engineer L. L. O'Donnell accompanied the distinguished party on the trip from Tyrone to Lock Haven.

A LOVE SONG IN M. FLAT.

"My modest, matchless Madeline! Mark my melodious midnight moans; Much may my melting music mean—My modulated monotonies."

This young titan stayed out too late, serenading his lady love. He caught a cold which developed into catarrh, but he cured it with Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy, a sovereign specific for chronic cases. "Cold in the Head," Catarrhal Headache. It corrects the tainted breath, stops the offensive discharge, heals the irritated throat and nose, leaving the head clear, and smell and taste unimpaired. It costs but 50 cents, and the proprietors offer in good faith \$500 for a case they cannot cure.

MCKINLEY'S DENIAL.

The chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee Col. Dick, has already denounced in strong terms the story that Governor McKinley had advised manufacturers to keep their works closed until after the election. He has offered a large cash reward for proof of the assertion that such was the case, but no one has earned the money yet. Governor McKinley himself has written a letter to a Youngstown voter in answer to a communication, in which he says: "This story is without the shadow of foundation, and is absolutely and unqualifiedly false, and I so stamp it. I would regard it as of great advantage to me to have every mill in Ohio running; and if I could speak the word that would start them, it would have been spoken long ago."

It is strange that any one would believe such a manifest untruth as this story which has been denied so emphatically. Certainly persons in Ohio, who know that manufactories closed down or running on short time are not all owned by Republicans, should not give the subject a second thought. Works owned by Democratic capitalists, as well as those operated by their political opponents, share in the depression of trade and the forced suspension of operations.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

KELLAR, THE MAGICIAN.

Kellar, the wonderful magician, who will entertain Bellefonters in Garman's Opera house Saturday evening, was in Altoona Monday evening and the Times of Tuesday morning has the following to say of him:

There is only one Kellar; there is no one to be found in America who approaches him in exhibitions of high art magic. There was a large audience in the Eleventh Avenue opera house last evening and from the first feat of the wizard they began to wonder and were still wondering when the performance was concluded. In a less enlightened age it would be charged against the magician that he was in league with the evil one, and it certainly does look to the ordinary observer as if Kellar were practicing some phase of the black art. He is a great man and there are few who can furnish as much entertainment. Such feats as he can perform are always worthy of reproduction for the wonderment of the public.

—We have received from JOHN PIERCE, 73 Avenue C, New York City, a copy of "Elements of Music," which represents a book on one page,—being the pupil's first year's study. It contains all the rudiments, from the first lesson to all the major and minor scales, chords, and key-notes; how to commit signature to memory; a dictionary; and a full-sized key-board, which shows position of all the Treble and Bass notes, on, above, and below the staff. Price, 5 cents.

BETTER THAN HIS PARTY.

President Cleveland was supported by a host of votes on the ground that he was better than his party and able to control it. He has been in office seven months.

He has been unable to control his party on the currency question and the entire country stands in the gravest peril because the Democratic majority in the Senate proposes a compromise on the currency.

Josiah Quincy's "partisan debauch" in distributing Consular posts, as the New York Evening Post called it, prostituted an important public service to party spoil with the advice and consent of Grover Cleveland.

Van Alen's nomination as Ambassador to Italy in return for \$50,000 ratified a corrupt political understanding in the face of vehement protest and early warning from the President's old friends.

This is a half-year's work. What will four years bring?

I am an old man and have been a constant sufferer with catarrh for the last ten years. I am entirely cured by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. It is strange that so simple a remedy will cure such a stubborn disease.—Henry Billings, U. S. Pension Att'y, Washington, D. C.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappears. Get only Hood's.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MARRIAGE LICENSE LAW.

Lawyers Believe That There is None in Effect.

Attorney General Hensel has decided in relation to the law amending the marriage license act so that marriages may be performed outside of the county in which the license is issued that the old law is still in force, and that the change did not repeal but only amended the former act.

Many lawyers, however, contend that there is no marriage license act in effect, owing to an error made by the last legislature. In amending the law, it changed section 1, which stated that from and after October 1, 1885, licenses must be obtained from the clerk of the orphan's court, to read on and after October 1, 1895.

According to this, there will be no marriage license law in operation until October 1, 1895, and people can again get married without let or hindrance. There is only one matter of doubt, however. This date in the printed copy may be a typographical error. Whether the law holds or not will depend upon whether this is a correct copy of the official act as on file in the office of the secretary of the commonwealth at Harrisburg. If that gives the date as 1895, there is no marriage license law at this time.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DEATH OF A BEECH CREEK LADY.
Mrs. Louisa Leyden, wife of Daniel Leyden, of Beech Creek, died on Wednesday at her home in Beech Creek borough, of consumption.

Her funeral services were held Friday afternoon after which the remains were brought to Bellefonte and interred in the Union Cemetery on Howard street. The deceased was born in Millfin county, in 1832, and had been with her husband a resident of Beech Creek since 1877.

Mrs. Leyden's social and intellectual nature fitted her naturally for a leader among women, and for a number of years she was an active worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of this county. She had a large circle of friends and acquaintances who will learn with sincere regret of her death. Her husband and four children, James A., of Idaho; Harry and Mrs. Elliot, in Chicago; and Edward, at home, have the deepest sympathy of the community for she was an exceptional woman.

—Some hunter, whose name we could not learn, shot an old bear and two cubs in the woods near Pleasant Gap last Saturday. This was the biggest lot of bear meat bagged at one time in this community for many a day.



Mrs. J. N. Aughenbaugh
Of Etters, Pa.

Blood Poisoning Intense Suffering 11 Years.

Hood's Healed the Sore in Seven Weeks—A Perfect Cure.

"I will recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as first-class. It has proved its merits to us. Twelve years ago my wife was picking raspberries when she scratched herself on a briar, the wound from which soon developed into a terrible sore, between her knee and ankle. Notwithstanding all we did for it, it continued discharging for eleven long years. We tried medical skill on every side, with no effect. About a year ago she read of Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it herself, and while taking the first bottle she felt better and continued with it until today she is entirely well and better than ever. The sore was healed up in seven weeks. Her limb is perfectly sound. We attribute her cure entirely to Hood's Sarsaparilla." JACOB N. AUGHENBAUGH, Etters, York Co., Pa.

Hood's Cures

until today she is entirely well and better than ever. The sore was healed up in seven weeks. Her limb is perfectly sound. We attribute her cure entirely to Hood's Sarsaparilla." JACOB N. AUGHENBAUGH, Etters, York Co., Pa.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

D. P. Shrey and George Woods in re-Petition to satisfy Mortgage in Book "P" page 67 given by Hannah Woods to John Brower Feb. 23, A. D., 1893.

And now, Sept. 4, 1893, the within petition read and considered and it appearing to the Court that the legal presumption of payment of said mortgage exists from the lapse of time and no satisfaction appears of record, and that said mortgaged premises are situated in Centre County, The Court direct the Sheriff of Centre County to serve a notice on the holder or holders of said mortgage if they be found in Centre County and if he be not found in said County to Centre, then the said Sheriff shall give public notice as aforesaid in one or more newspapers published in said County once a week for four weeks successively prior to the next term of Court requiring said parties to appear and make answer BY THE COURT.

W. F. SMITH, Prothy.

PIANO Tuning and Repairing.

J. J. LEJEAL, Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-4f

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.



REV. G. W. H. CLARKE.

A Remarkable Case!

Rev. G. W. H. Clarke, Chaplain of the Vermont Senate, cured of

VALVULAR AFFECTION OF THE HEART!

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL FROM A GENTLEMAN SO WIDELY KNOWN, AND BELIEVED BY ALL, AND WHO HOLDS THE POSITION OF Chaplain in the Vt. Senate, SHOULD BE REGARDED AS THE MOST POSITIVE PROOF OF THE WONDERFUL MEDICINAL POWER OF DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. AND WE WOULD HERE STATE THAT HIS FATHER AND BROTHER BOTH DIED OF KIDNEY DISEASE.

ST. ALBANS,

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That I, G. W. H. Clarke, of St. Albans, Vt., a Preacher of the Gospel in the M. E. Church, Member of the N. H. Conference 34 years, and of the N. E. Conference 16 years, have been afflicted with the KIDNEY COMPLAINT FOR 15 YEARS, and for the last 4 years so badly as to not permit me to take a regular Charge, but, reading of the wonderful cures of Kidney Trouble by DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, I was induced to procure it for myself. I have taken six bottles with very satisfactory results, and I feel quite sure that perseverance in taking it will bring a permanent cure. In fact, I am so much improved that I expect to take another Charge.

I will also state that one year ago last Spring I was attacked with

VALVULAR AFFECTION OF THE HEART caused by overwork, and my breath became so short that it was very difficult for me to walk, even with a cane. The Physicians said I must be very careful about walking or exerting myself. DANA'S SARSAPARILLA very soon relieved me, and I am now entirely FREE from HEART TROUBLE. I feel that DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has produced this happy result. To the Great Head of the Church be all the glory. I am 73 years of age, and have been in the Master's service more than half a century.

Gratefully yours,

G. W. H. CLARKE.

No. 23 High Street.

LATER.—Under date of Oct. 1st, Mr. Clarke writes that he has taken a Charge of Fairfax, N. Y., and attends three meetings on Sabbath, two meetings during the week, visiting parsonages on foot, walking some 8 or 10 miles. This is wonderful for a man 73 years old, that has been a victim of disease for years. He closes by saying "It is in my heart to praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Me.

Jas. Boss Filled Watch Cases

are all gold as far as you can see. They look like solid cases, wear like solid cases, and are solid cases for all practical purposes—yet only cost about half as much as an out-and-out solid gold case. Warranted to wear for 20 years; many in constant use for thirty years. Better than ever since they are now fitted, at no extra cost, with the great bow (ring) which cannot be pulled or twisted off the case—the

Non-pull-out

Can only be had on the cases stamped with this trade mark. All others have the old-style pull-out bow, which is only held to the case by friction, and can be twisted off with the fingers. Sold only through watch dealers. Send for a watch case opener to the manufacturers Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

ANDREWS COMPLETE METHOD FOR THE ORGAN.

An Entirely New Book, Simple, Clear, Concise and Progressive.

Particular attention is called to the many additional features of this work not found in similar publications.

What It Contains.

A complete and lucid description of the rudiments of music. Musical writing lessons of great value to the beginner in acquiring a proper knowledge of the value of notes and rests, their positions on the staff, etc. Illustrations showing the correct position of the fingers, hands and arms. A choice collection of popular music, including Waltzes, Lancers, Reels, Polkas, Schottisches, Caprices, etc. Also Songs, Ballads, Sacred Solos, etc., all arranged especially for this book. A dictionary of terms and expressions used in music.

Andrews Complete Method for the Parlor Organ

Is printed in the best style from new plates, on fine quality of paper, has been very carefully prepared, and we claim it to be the MOST COMPLETE METHOD now on the market and invite a careful examination of its many departments. Price, by mail in board binding, \$2.00. Address, T. B. HARMS & CO., 18 E. 22d St. NEW YORK.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN.

How Matters Look At Present On The Silver Question.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—If the Senate repeal bill passes what will happen? This enquiry prompts a reference to the facts of the situation as they stand. The Wilson bill which the House passed August 28 last providing for the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman act, contained this provision: "But this repeal shall not impair, or in any manner affect the legal tender quality of the standard silver dollars heretofore coined; and the faith and credit of the United States are hereby pledged to maintain the parity of the standard gold and silver coins of the United States at the present legal ratio, or such other ratio as may be established by law."

The Voorhees bill which was reported to the Senate from the Finance Committee as a substitute for the Wilson repeal bill replaced that provision with the following substitute: "And it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of the value in coins of two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts, and it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of metallism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payments of debts."

TWO MOTIONS IN ORDER.

Should this bill pass and be sent to the House, Speaker Crisp says there will be two motions in order, one to concur in the Senate amendment or substitute, the other to refer it to a committee. The expectation expressed that the former motion would be made and adopted. The declaration in the Voorhees bill is so far satisfactory to the repealers in the House that in order to get prompt action on the bill it is believed they will concur in it without question. Whether or not any obstructive tactics will be employed against the House was a question asked to-day and the impression received that there will be.

Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, the silver champion, said, when the question was put to him that there had been no consultation, among the silver men, and he did not know what they would do. Mr. Pence, of Colorado, had definite ideas on the subject.

"How can you obstruct anything under the rules here?" he was asked. "There is no freedom of debates in the House. That much I have learned since coming here. If necessary to secure prompt action the Committee on Rules will report an order for a vote."

NECESSITY OF A QUORUM.

The necessity of having a quorum in the House to act upon the bill has been one of the questions considered. At present there is no quorum in the city, but the House officials believe that on the morning of the day after a final vote shall be reached in the Senate, there will be one within sight of the Speaker's desk. Representatives would like to adjourn this week if possible, and the Speaker and the Committee on Rules will do all in their power to bring it about if the matter comes within their jurisdiction. But adjournment does not rest upon the silver bill alone. The Senate must first dispose of the McCrery bill to amend and modify the Geary Chinese restriction and registration act before the administration will accede to an adjournment. But that bill can be acted upon in the Senate while the House disposes of the silver question. Congress may adjourn if the Senate so wills, and if both bodies earnestly pursue the purpose which prominent members of each express, an adjournment of the extra session is not only a possibility, but a probability. Everybody is very tired and ready to quit and come back again in regular session with a strong resolution to do better.

WHY HIS WIFE IS "FIDGETY."

I have the best cook in the town. Whose bread is delicious and white; Her coffee is fragrant and brown; Her pastry a perfect delight. But she daily complains of the worry they bring— She's my own darling wife, but a fidgety thing! Your wife is worn out, and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the only medicine guaranteed to cure debilitated women. How many overworked American ladies we see with lack-lustre eyes and haggard faces, growing old before their time, from those exhausting ailments that men know nothing of. They can be permanently cured by this remedy, as numberless grateful women will attest. Price refunded, if it fails to give satisfaction in every case. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrapper.

DIED ON THE TRAIN.

Rev. Robert McPherson, a retired Presbyterian minister, while en route to his home in the East End, Pittsburgh, from Atglen, near Philadelphia, died very suddenly on Saturday afternoon last on mail west when it was about half a mile east of Tyrone. The unfortunate man was suffering with a severe attack of bilious spasms. The conductor of train was notified of his condition when at Spruce Creek and at the request of his friends a telegram was sent from Birmingham to Tyrone to have physician meet the train there, Dr.

G. W. Burket answered this summons, but when the train arrived at Tyrone the patient was dead and beyond human aid. The body was taken to Altoona where it was prepared for burial and then on fast line sent on to the late home of the deceased. Rev. McPherson, in company with two sisters, three nieces and a nephew, was returning from attending the funeral of a nephew who was killed in the late railroad accident at Wellsville, Ohio. He was 74 years of age.

STATE COLLEGE DEFEATED.

PHILADELPHIA, October 25.—The University of Pennsylvania foot ball team defeated the strong Pennsylvania State College team here this afternoon by the narrow and unsatisfactory score of 18 to 6. The boys from Bellefonte played surprisingly good foot ball, their touch-down being scored five minutes after play began. It was, however, the result of a fluke, which never would have happened had Pennsylvania played in anything like championship form. The visitors seemed to have little trouble in making gains through Pennsylvania's line. Time and again they would take the ball right through the centre and tackle for five, ten and fifteen yards. They did not gain so much at skirting the ends, as the end rushers for Pennsylvania tackled fairly well.

A crushing blow came to the home team in the second half, when Oliver, the big guard and best man on the Pennsylvania line went down beneath a heap of wriggling players with his leg bent under him. When he was extricated it was found that his knee was badly wrenched and it was necessary for his companions to carry him to the training house. Dr. Schoff says it is doubtful if Oliver will be able to play in the big game with Princeton next week. Nelson also had a leg twisted and retired. He is not so badly hurt as Oliver, however.

To sum up, the interference of Pennsylvania was very poor, and there was a general lack of team work. The centre play was faulty. Woodruff, a new man, snapped the ball back and he was very erratic in his play. On the other hand the State college put up a surprising game, their tackling being fierce and for the first half they more than held their own with Pennsylvania. In the second half, however, the superior training and weight of Pennsylvania told, and the latter were able to score two touch-downs and win.

IN THE STATE.

For several months there has been a slight epidemic of diphtheria in Shippensburg and a number of deaths have already resulted from it.

By an official order, Adjutant General Greeland extends until November 8 the season for rifle practice by National Guardsmen and fixes the time when inspectors must file reports.

Levi Keiser, of Alburtis, a retired farmer, died last week of blood poisoning. Several weeks ago he sustained a cut in the finger while chopping corn. Then he husked corn, which irritated the wound and resulted in death.

The annual state session of the Women's Synodical society of the Home Missionary society of the Presbyterian church will be held in Lancaster to-day and to-morrow. The convention will be made up of delegates from all sections of the state.

An attempt was made to set fire to the house of Mrs. Wilhelmina Regas, an old woman in Allentown. Cotton waste saturated with oil was placed under the bed and set on fire. A number of railroaders saw the flames and extinguished them.

Mrs. Maggie Meredith, of Keystone, a mining village near Wilkesbarre, losing heart over repeated failures to wean her husband from intoxicants, sought contentment by following his example and was found dead after drinking a quart of whisky.

DEFECTIVE RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

August, September and October of this year will be remembered as three months of railroad horrors. Beginning with the Lake Shore accident on August 4, and ending with the Grand Trunk collision of October 20, there have been ten great accidents entailing a loss of ninety-seven lives and with a wounded list of 296 persons. And the earlier sections of the year were almost as bad. January had 35 persons killed and 86 wounded; February, 11 killed and 38 wounded; April, 15 killed and nine wounded; May showed up with 20 killed and 25 wounded; June had 10 killed and 26 wounded, and July, 13 killed and 68 wounded. The accident list for the year, up to date, shows a total of 201 dead and 548 wounded, a butcher's bill which is as disgraceful to railroad management as it is full of sorrow and suffering for those who found their fate in its results.

The officially determined causes which have led to these accidents may be summarized as follows: Open switch, 1; grade crossing, 1; broken bridge, 1; derailment, 7; collision, 14. The railroads most interested in this alarming list of disasters are nineteen in number, the Big Four having three accidents, with 50 dead and 68 wounded; the West Shore two accidents, in which 8 lives were lost and 37 wounded; the Wabash two accidents, with 14 killed and 117 wounded, and the Grand Trunk, two accidents, killing 30 people and wounding 41.

—Buy your groceries of the Eureka Cash Grocery. They can suit you quality and price.

HASTINGS ON THE STUMP.

He Says That Pennsylvania Republicans Should Give a Rousing Majority.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24.—Rostein's Hall was crowded to-night with active Republicans, who cheered points against the Democracy as they were made by General Hastings, General Latta, ex-Senator Hughes, Coroner Ashbridge and Senator George Handy Smith.

General Hastings was the principal speaker, and he was given a rousing reception, both upon his entrance and when he was introduced. He declared that the present policy of inaction of the Democratic party at Washington while every branch of business in the country was crying for remedial legislation was the same as if a man were taken sick in the audience and there were a half dozen physicians present, all of whom knew just exactly what the man's ailment was, and had the medicine in their little pocket case which would give him relief, but instead of administering it retired to another room to consult for six hours as to just how much paregoric the man could stand, leaving him to suffer in the meantime.

He contrasted the prosperous times under Harrison's administration with the wide-spread distress and desolation that have followed the first seven months of Cleveland's and a Democratic Congress. He said it rested entirely with the people to determine whether or not the Democrats should continue with their policy of destroying the industrial interests of the country. If Pennsylvania were to give only a normal majority this fall it would have no effect upon the Democrats at Washington, but if she rolled up 100,000 for the Republican candidates it would be notice to the tariff smashers that if they carried out their threats there would be a great many statesmen out of a job as soon as the people could reach them.

LET CLEVELAND STAND FIRM.

If President Cleveland has had any doubts in regard to the Gorman compromise, they must have been scattered in the past two days.

Now that the compromise is known, all supporters of a sound currency oppose it. It is accepted only by trimmers. It is supposed only by advocates of more money, of free silver coinage and of inflation. Proposed by a political trickster, devised to meet the needs of Senators with inflation and Populist constituencies, it surrenders the entire battle of honest money, fought for the past twenty-five years since Congress declared the debt payable in coin.

In this battle, under all parties, the President in the White House has been the protector of an honest dollar. Grant and Hayes used their vetoes. Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison have all thrown the weight of executive influence, authority and prerogative against inflation and in favor of a sound currency equal in all its parts to gold and its gold as no point valued above the rest.

The fight is on once more. The old issue faces President Cleveland. The division has ceased to be over more silver or less. It has come to be over the fundamental issue in all currency—flat money. This issue is raised by coining the seigniorage. On it no compromise is possible. True of Mr. Cleveland as President, all this is still more true of him as a man. He has staked all on the need and necessity of repeal. If he yields, all is over with him. He stands convicted of partisan hypocrisy which has cost the untold misery and loss of a panic, unequalled in our financial annals.

The repeal of the Sherman act is either necessary or unnecessary. If it is necessary, compromise is impossible. If it is unnecessary, President Cleveland last Spring wantonly added the crash of credits to the terrible strain of tariff revision.

PREPARE FOR ACTION.

Whatever fault may be charged against the Republican party, it cannot be truthfully asserted that it lacked patriotism in the hour of the nation's peril, or favored an unsound currency, election laws in the interests of a few or the giving of the free right to foreign powers to deliver goods to the detriment of the American manufacturer or tradesman.

The lack of confidence on the part of the people with the policy inaugurated by Cleveland, is one of the main agencies producing the present unrest and dissatisfaction. A nation should protect first its own citizens, should see that the laws are so framed that no other nation can monopolize any branch of business that is better suited to be in the hands of Americans. The foreign countries lose respect for this people just so far as the principle of protection favors an unwelcome concession. The peans of praise in London papers when the election of Cleveland was announced, reflected on the party he represented. During the civil war when the southern people lauded Valandingham and others for denouncing the war measures of Lincoln, they used such expressions only so far as it injured the Union cause. They paid no respect for Valandingham when sent over the lines. It is an historical fact that in the Chambersburg invasion the men who were called "copperheads" were served as enemies, their property confiscated, just as readily as that of Thaddeus Stevens or any other pronounced Union man.

The voters of the country are heartily sick of the legislation at Washington, and will show their disapprobation whenever an opportunity is offered to record a vote of lack of confidence. Although Pennsylvania is the Gibraltar of Republicanism

the majority on November 7th should be a more than usual "off year" majority in order to produce a lasting impression. Go to the polls with a sense of duty, and urge others to do likewise, as every vote will have an influence. Voters of Centre county should prepare for united and aggressive action.

JUDGE FURST OVERRULED.

In last week's REPUBLICAN we made mention of an opinion filed by Judge Furst setting aside the verdict recently given by the jury on the Armor Will case in favor of the defendants and ordering judgment recorded in favor of the plaintiff. But it seemed that Judge Furst had rendered his opinion without consulting either of the Associate Judges and so on Thursday last, while Judge Furst was out of town and Judge Sadler, of Northumberland county, was holding argument court the Associate Judges also filed an opinion in the Armor case overruling Judge Furst's opinion and ordering judgment to be entered on the verdict in favor of the defendants. The opinion as filed by the Associates is as follows:

THE MAJORITY OPINION.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 214, August term, 1893. D. M. Butts, ex't'r of Ruth B. Armor dec'd., vs.

Monroe Armor, Anastasia Armor, Amanda Miller, Estella Armor and Benner Armor, and Monroe Armor, guardian ad litem of Geo. Armor, Grace Armor and Louisa Armor, minor children of Mary Armor, deceased.

The opinion and decree filed on October 13th, 1893, in this case, by Hon. A. O. Furst, P. J., having been prepared and filed by him without consultation with the majority of the court, does not correctly express the opinion of the court. We differ from the conclusions drawn by the President Judge from the testimony given on the trial of the case, and are of the opinion that there was ample evidence requiring the court to submit to the jury the question of the testamentary capacity of Ruth B. Armor on February 20, 1890, and to justify the jury in finding the verdict for the defendants.

We therefore over rule the President Judge in his order to enter judgment for the plaintiff on the reserved question, notwithstanding the verdict for the defendants.

And now October 20th, 1893, we order judgment to be entered on the verdict for the defendants, and we further order the Prothonotary to certify the record, and judgment thereon to the Orphans Court.

By the Court,

THOS. F. RILEY,
C. A. FAULKNER,
Associate Judges.

The action of the Associate Judges occasioned considerable comment. It is a well known fact that the majority rules and that in some cases the Associates are entitled to this rule, but whether that will hold good in this case is yet to be determined. Various opinions have been expressed as to the legality of the action but as there is no known precedent it is hard to determine. In questions of law the President Judge is supposed to rule supreme; in questions of facts the associates have an equal say. The Supreme court will likely have to decide as to this case being a question of law or facts.

IDLENESS AND POLITICS.

It is a long time since the wage-workers of the country have experienced so severely the consequences of idleness. An immense army, exceeding in numbers 100,000, are either idle or only partly employed, and of those at work the majority, perhaps, have been compelled to accept reductions. The average reductions in wages, according to statistics recently compiled upon data furnished from trustworthy sources, have been about \$2.25 a week. Thousands would be glad to get work at the reduced rates, but are unable to find it. The enforced idleness of so many worthy and deserving men has opened their eyes to the effects of tinkering with the tariff. One year ago they were so fully employed that they could afford to resist reductions even where the rate of wages was high. Now strikes are scarcely heard of, and reductions are the rule.

Is there any connection between the accession of the Democratic party to power and the prevailing industrial depression? This is a question that has been occupying the minds of the working classes for months. It has stirred the voters of Ohio as nothing but their personal interests could have prompted. Not the wage-workers alone, but the farmers and business men generally, are studying the relations between politics and idleness. If they have made a mistake in voting for a change they will rectify that error, in so far as they can, by voting for the policy of the party that was in power before the change was made. That will be the first step. Next year they can take a second by electing a Republican house of representatives.

One of the most significant signs of the time comes from old Virginia. A Richmond club, Democratic, of course, has passed resolutions protesting against a tariff for revenue only, and preferring to "take chances with a protective tariff, properly adjusted, than with a low tariff and lower wages." The congressman from that district has been duly notified and requested to resist any inroads upon the tariff which should be detrimental to the workingman by bringing down wages or by increasing duties which would injure him by raising the price of sugar and other necessities. Verily, the deception practiced by the Democratic leaders a year ago is being found out and will be punished.

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50c.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,
Corway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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To buy a World's Fair Souvenir Half Dollar.

This is all right, because the price is the same everywhere, and you can't get cheated in the quality. But when you want to buy Groceries you must exercise judgment or you will get an inferior article at an exorbitant price. But you will get just what you want if you go to

THE EUREKA

As they keep nothing but the Freshest and Best Groceries, and sell at One Cash Price to all, a price so low that none sell lower. Fresh goods received every day. Country produce of every description purchased, and highest market prices paid. If you have any doubt about what we say come in and see us, we will prove it true.

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BELLEFONTE, PA.



Crushed Coke,

Coal,

Stove Wood!

Crushed Coke—We crush and prepare Chestnut, Stove and Egg sizes for use in Cook Stoves and Heaters, as well as a most excellent fuel for heating School Houses and Churches. No smoke, no clinkers. It is the best and cheapest fuel now in use.

Coal—Anthracite—Pea, Chestnut, Stove, Egg and Furnace Coal. Snow Shoe Coal, run of the mines and screened lump; Black Block Nut and Woodland Coal.

Stove Wood—Stove Wood sawed and split to suit buyers. We invite patronage and spare no efforts to furnish Coal for the full value we receive for it. All orders will receive prompt attention.

McCALMONT & CO., Bellefonte, Pa.

The Malmaison Emerald.

"What!" said Uncle Venable, "you want to get married? Verbena drooped her pretty head, while a blush crept over her face.

"If you don't mind, sir," said Mr. Venable, shutting his cabinet drawers leaning back in his chair and looking at Verbena with eyes like gimlets. "Who is the young man then?"

"Please, uncle, it's Fritz!" whispered Verbena, half inclined to run away and hide herself.

"Fritz!" roared Mr. Venable. "That—farmer fellow!"

"He's a farmer," admitted Verbena, "but he owns his farm, sir. And his mother is very anxious for me to come there, because—"

"Oh, I can imagine that!" said Mr. Venable, with a sneer. "You—a Venable—talking of marrying a farmer! You, the heiress of the Malmaison emerald! You, that might take any place in society that you wish, when once the value of the gem is known, to talk of allying yourself to a clodhopper like that, who doesn't know an opal from a moonstone!"

Verbena burst into tears.

"He isn't a clodhopper," said she. "And I wish there wasn't any such thing as the Malmaison emerald!"

Mr. Venable transfixed his niece through the spectacles with a glare that might have paralyzed her.

"Silence!" said he, "do you know it is on the reputation of the Malmaison emerald that the Venables will go down to fame? The Empress Josephine—"

"I don't care for the Empress Josephine," said Verbena, who, having drawn the sword, was now minded to cast the scabbard away. "And I'm not particular about fame, and I don't suppose I shall be a Venable forever."

"That sort of talk won't do, Verbena," said the old gentleman, solemnly. "Where would society be if every one refused to bear the responsibility and shoulder the cares of their stations? You are not merely my niece, Verbena. You are the representative—the last surviving representative—of the Venables. To you is left the guardianship of the Malmaison emerald."

"I'm sick of hearing of it," vehemently protested Verbena.

"And," went on Mr. Venable, "I desire you to give up all idea of marrying this young man. It's entirely out of the question—entirely!"

"But what is this about the Malmaison emerald?" asked Fritz Elcombe, in a bewildered way, when he found Verbena crying by the sitting-room window a few hours later.

"You don't mean," said she, "that you have never heard of the famous Malmaison emerald?"

"That's my meaning exactly," admitted Fritz, "Do consider in my behalf that I've only been here a year, and have lots still to learn."

"Well, listen," said Verbena, half crying, half angry. "It's a famous unset gem."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"And it used to belong to the Empress Josephine—"

"Did it, indeed?"

"And she wore it in those days at Malmaison."

"Hence the name, hey?"

"I suppose so. And Queen Hortense gave to some one who sold it to some body else, and it was finally given to one of the Venables, who was a surgeon in the English army, by a dying officer out in Hindostan, to whom he had been able to render kind offices; and so it has come down to us. It really is a wonderful gem."

"I should suppose so," politely incredulous.

"They say," went on Verbena, "that when uncle kept it in the little iron safe let into the guest-chamber wall, wherever slept there used to dream of a beautiful, sad-faced lady, who walked up and down under the trees and wrung her hands. That was Empress Josephine, of course, Fritz."

"Of course," still more incredulous.

"And my uncle declares that the color in the stone is always dim and turbid when the anniversary of the poor lady's death comes around," further added Verbena.

"Yes, that is exceedingly probable," dryly observed Mr. Elcombe.

"My uncle has been offered a great deal of money for the gem," said Verbena with a sigh, "and I wish to goodness he'd sell it! But he won't! And, what is worse, he wants me to marry a hateful, spectacled little old man in New York, who, next to himself, is the best judge of jewels in the State, and who owns a green ruby which is a dead match to Uncle Venable's unset emerald. He calls it an archaeological alliance."

"Well, I should think it partook somewhat of that nature," said Fritz, thoughtfully.

"He is going up to New York to morrow to a 'legislative' convention," said Verbena, "and I suppose he will bring Mr. Twistleton back with him. Oh, Fritz!"

"Don't be alarmed, heart's dearest," said Fritz, consolingly, encircling her waist with his arm. "The only way in which we can effectually guard against this complication of ill is—"

"Yes, Fritz."

"To get married while Mr. Venable is gone."

"Oh, Fritz, I wouldn't dare openly to defy him like that! He has been very kind to me," fluttered Verbena.

"I'll be good to you, too, my darling."

"Nonsense, Fritz! You're spoiling my hair. Do stop, Fritz," protested the girl.

"Then promise me, Verbena."

"No, I'll promise nothing."

At the lapidaries' convention there was a stormy session that year. Herr Heidelberg was there; a snuffy, dried-up old man, of great age, and still greater arrogance, who had apparently come out of his spider web in Vienna for the sole purpose of discomforting all the antiquaries of the western continent.

"De Malmaison emerald!" said Herr Heidelberg. "Dat ish a mistake. Vat you call one big lie. It occupies you all your time to chase dese lie, and den nail him down. I haf the Malmaison emerald in mine collection."

"How can that be?" said Mr. Venable, choking with rage, while Mr. Twistleton stood by, ready to espouse his friend's cause, "when here it is—the very stone itself!"

He opened the velvet case, which contained the drop of green fire. It blinked at the circle of eager faces above it like a baleful eye.

Herr Heidelberg laughed a shrill cackle of derision.

"Dat de Malmaison emerald," said he. "Oh, how easy are some folks hoodwinked! A ferry goot imitation, I grant. Oh, yes, I can tell you all about him. But de genuine Malmaison emerald it was sell me in 1850, at Vienna, by one Captain Giles Venable—"

"(Verbena's father," thought Mr. Venable, with a start and a sinking of the heart.)

"For de gracious Empress Augusta, who den making de collection for a necklace which should outshine all the courts of Europe. I pay Captain Venable three thousand florins for him, and I engage my best workmen to make him an imitation Malmaison emerald which shall deceive de very jeweller himself."

"I think I make my fortune, but I am wrong. De captain he pockets his florins and rides away. De gracious empress she change her mind. She gets tired of emeralds and she tinks she will haf pearls. But I know dere will some day be market for de Malmaison emerald. I keep him. I haf him yet. Here he is, and here is de letter from Captain Giles Venable which proves his genuineness. Eh? Are you to be satisfy now?"

And the green blaze of the real gem put the artificial imitation to shame at once.

Mr. Venable came home without waiting for the adjournment of the convention. He did not bring Mr. Twistleton home with him.

"A man who couldn't tell even a bogus stone from a real one!" sputtered Venable, "and calls himself a judge of gems! Verbena, come here!" Verbena came accordingly.

"I've got something to tell you," said Venable.

"Yes, uncle," murmured Verbena, her little heart giving an ominous throb.

"The Malmaison emerald is a humbug!" said Mr. Venable, distinctly.

"Oh, uncle!"

"And Caleb Twistleton is a charlatan and an adventurer!" And he proceeded to impart to his niece the revelation of Herr Heidelberg.

"Your father has wrecked the family fortunes and broken my heart, my dear," said he. "I'll give up the study of gems, and I will devote myself to roses. They cannot imitate flowers. And, Verbena—"

"Yes, uncle."

"You may marry young Elcombe if you wish. Twistleton doesn't deserve a wife, after this."

"Thank you, uncle," said Verbena, demurely.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO ss.

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38 4t

LIST OF JURORS.

Drawn for the November Term of Court.

GRAND JURORS.

John Dertine, carpenter, Bellefonte
D B Malone, farmer, Boggs
Wash Garbic, farmer, Benner
C T Fryberger, merchant, Philipsburg
Aaron Crouse, laborer, Miles
J C Corl, farmer, Ferguson
James Immel, farmer, Gregg
Jerry Gill, shoemaker, Spring
Mathias Weagley, farmer, Gregg
John A Hatch, dentist, Philipsburg
Elijah Kellerman, gent., Milesburg
C M Musser, mechanic, Spring
James Long, laborer, Philipsburg
Thomas Eaton, brickmaker S Philipsburg
W H Bloom, farmer, Ferguson
Joseph Hoffman, farmer, Huston
D H Shively, farmer, Benner
Jon. Bullock, carriage maker, Milesburg
Z S Welsh, farmer, Curtin
J C Brown, farmer, Potter
A Y Wagner, miller, Benner
Andrew Meyer, farmer, Haines
John Barger, laborer, Boggs
Samuel T Gray, farmer, Patton

TRAVELERS JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

S E Pfoutz, mine boss, Rush
Patrick Loughrey, farmer, Union
Solomon Peck, merchant, Walker
Wm Shunkwiler, blacksmith, Snow Shoe
C W Korman, farmer, Benner
Calvin Kline, laborer, College
J J Tressler, farmer, Walker
Jeremiah Lee, farmer, Ferguson
A H Tressler, farmer, Worth
Levi Reese, farmer, Penn
David Burd, farmer, Spring
R H Houser, contractor, Harris
Henry Potter, farmer, Ferguson
C B Hess, farmer, Walker
S D McEwen, farmer, Rush
A W Harper, confectioner, Potter
H W Prantz, teacher, Boggs
George Brown, farmer, Philipsburg
Charles English, merchant, Benner
Abner Noll merchant, Spring
Jesse Cox, carpenter, Bellefonte
Wm Bell, mason, College
J I McLaren, butcher, Philipsburg
Cornelius Dale, farmer, College
Byron Teller, pump maker, Boggs
S B Row, gent., Philipsburg
Wm Johnson, farmer, Ferguson
H Twitmyer, carpenter, Spring
S Sellers, gent., Half Moon
Jesse Reaick, farmer, Union
Wm Resides, farmer, Union
George Lamb, dealer, Philipsburg
Wm Beck, farmer, Walker
D F Luse, mechanic, Centre Hall
E R Jones, laborer, Worth
J Warren Brown, farmer, Haines
W F Stoyer, carpenter, Ferguson
Lewis Price, foreman, Snow Shoe
Howard Heaton, farmer, Miles
Israel Wolf, tailor, Bellefonte
Robert Hepburn, carpenter, Ferguson
Elias Beestling, laborer, Philipsburg
Charles Sharpless, mine supt, Union
John F Holt, laborer, Half Moon
P W Burket, tinner, Spring
G W Ritter, laborer, Wm
Wm Bechdol, farmer, Liberty
John Grove, farmer, Benner

TRAVELERS JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Alonza Grow, laborer, Rush
G W Nagle, jeweler, Philipsburg
D W Guise, teacher, Centre Hall
James Dillen, farmer, Huston
Jacob D Breon, farmer, Haines
H E Noll, agent, Boggs
J L Shope, farmer, Howard boro
E W Kline, teacher, Millheim
P H Shires, laborer, Worth
John Williams, farmer, Spring
Jacob Craft, farmer, Bellefonte
S A Bell, bricklayer, College
Charles Kuhn, farmer, Bellefonte
David Bartley, carpenter, Bellefonte
Wm Hess, gent., Huston
Thomas Hevelly, clerk, Miles
L C Bullock, laborer, Bellefonte
Austin Granley, farmer, Miles
Joel Johnson, laborer, Bellefonte
John McGonigal, supt, Philipsburg
John Wirth, laborer, Miles
J H Brown, laborer, Snow Shoe
Jesse Long, butcher, Marion
B F Vonada, farmer, Haines
Haaton Arney, farmer, Penn
John Hoffa, grain merchant, Benner
Curtis Wagner, miller, Rush
Frank Kittenhopf, blacksmith, Philipsburg
James Hunter, carpenter, Benner
Jacob Hoy, farmer, Penn
Wm Erle, sawyer, Bellefonte
Robert Cole, architect, Taylor
Wm Kremer, painter, Bellefonte
A R Price, laborer, Taylor
Wm Alexander, miller, Gregg
Jacob Wagner, miller, Ferguson

THIRD WEEK.

James Turner, farmer, Howard
W H Wike, fireman, Philipsburg
David Lucas, farmer, Boggs
H J Lumbert, farmer, Miles
Adam Heckman, farmer, Penn
Jefferson Bechtel, laborer, Snow Shoe
L C Green, (col.) barber, Bellefonte
W H Harter, wagon maker, Liberty
B P Shipley, laborer, Miles
Nathaniel Powers, farmer, Taylor
H E Downing, farmer, Walker
Wm Markle, teacher, Gregg
Lewis Rossman, farmer, Walker
E L Snavely, farmer, Union
J C Peters, farmer, Harris
John Tressler, teacher, College
George Kline, Sr., laborer, Gregg
Harry A Stoner, farmer, Spring
Anthony Duesling, gent., Haines
Jacob Winkleblich, farmer, Bellefonte
Jas R Hughes, teacher, Bellefonte
John A Rankin, clerk, Bellefonte
Samuel Diehl, coach maker, Worth
A J Johnson, carpenter, Gregg
Howard Foust, laborer, Boggs
E Conifer, farmer, Potter
Chas W Slack, farmer, Miles
John E Royer, farmer, Philipsburg
J B Childs, supt, Boggs
Charles Smoyer, farmer, Boggs
S H Orr, painter, Miles
B W Royer, farmer, Potter
David Fye, carpenter, Howard twp
Henry J Pletcher, farmer, Millheim
W N Auman, laborer, Boggs
Morgan Lucas, farmer, Miles

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The leaves in the forest are beginning to turn yellow and brown, and to drop off by one, presaging the approach of Autumn and bringing with it many climate changes. It needs a very strong constitution to withstand the sudden shocks of cold and moisture. Unfortunately there are very few so gifted, the majority of the human race need to have their nature strengthened and stimulated, and there is no better remedial agent than a pure rye whiskey. Klein's Silver Age Rye has stood the severest tests and has been found to be absolutely perfect, being recommended and prescribed by the highest medical authorities. It is for sale by S. Shloss, Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

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ON THE HILLS.

BY MABEL B. HOWE.

It was a wild night; the lightning glared white, the thunder crashed and swayed; the strong bridge cracked and swayed in the rushing waters below; part of it was already gone. Barbara's poor little hands were bruised and torn, but the train must never dash into that trap of death. The water tore at her skirts, splashing her hair, face, eyes; she crept, clinging with both hands to the iron posts, feeling in the inky darkness with her bare feet for a place to step. Her heart beating in her mouth, she heard that sharp "toot-toot" in the distance; she crept faster, higher; the rain poured down upon her, the wind swayed her, but she staggered on. She was alone at the end.

It was a long bridge; she had been struggling across it for two hours. She fell upon the slippery ground at last, shaking the water from her clothes, breathless. She hung up two red lanterns on the ends that were left of the bridge, and ran down the track swinging the one in her hand; the flashing headlights sped down upon her; it was the lightning express, with a hundred sleeping souls aboard. She swung the lantern over her head, frozen with fear; the long train began slackening up; the engineer's head was out of the cab-window, it made a darker spot against the blackness; slowly and groaning the train drew up a foot from where she stood.

"The bridge is partly swept away," she answered calmly to the engineer's excited inquiry as to the trouble.

"My God!" He looked at the raging river, his face white. "You are a girl in a thousand. How did you get across?"

"I don't know—now," smiling. "I was mad with fear, I think, when I thought of all the people aboard this train."

A man, tall, with a fur coat up to his ears, was standing by her. She looked at him and looked away.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, that you came across that bridge yourself?"

"I did."

She handled the lantern nervously; she wished he would not look at her so; and his eyes—they were fascinating.

"To save this train?"

"Yes."

He took her cold, bleeding hands, and kissed them with his handsome mouth. She could see it was handsome even in the darkness.

"You are my ideal," he said, "of all that is heroic; you are the girl I have dreamed of. Will you let me love you?"

She shivered. She was cold—so cold she could hardly stand.

"Allow me," He took off his heavy coat and put it around her. "Have you always lived here?"

"Yes—always."

"I am going to stop here—I intended to anyway; I have some business; it will take two months to wind it up."

He had a fascinating voice but it made her shiver. She thought of Olney—dear, good Olney. She threw off the coat.

"Wait—where are you going?"

But she was gone in the darkness like a fleeting shadow.

"Tell me; I will keep you here forever, unless you do."

Her amber eyes warmed; her tawny hair blew about her face and like a caress across her lips.

"Will you?"

She raised her whip, smiling.

"Don't strike. I am stronger than you."

He held her horse's bridle, walking beside her. He was a tall man, and his face was almost on a level with hers, though she was mounted. "You are a tiger and a kitten in one," said Farquhar.

"I don't know which I love the most. I

am going home with you. I am desperate—at times. If there were a wall of fire

—at times, "I would go."

"I would not," coldly.

"For a mountain girl you are wonderfully accomplished. Do you know what they would say of you if you were in town?"

There was a pause. Barbara's lips were close and even.

"They would say," steadily, "that you were extraordinarily ill-bred."

"You have said it for them."

Her handsome face, with the scornful drooping full lips, was full of color; her eyes were almost closed.

"Will you let me look at your picture?"

"If you like," graciously.

"So kind of you! Barbara—look at me!"

"Well?"

"What is it you dislike about me?"

"I don't know." Her lips were quivering now. "You—you are cruel; that is it."

"Cruel!" with a passionate intonation.

"Not to you—darling!"

"Don't!" gaspingly. "That is cruel, too."

She held her hand over her eyes, and when she took it away they were brilliant.

"May I ask you a question?" said Farquhar.

"No."

"I will, nevertheless. What is there between you and Olney Jeffrey?"

"So much that you could never understand it."

The bridge broke in twain. It was old—almost as old as Barbara. She looked at his face, all gray and cold.

"Can you swear to me that you love him?"

She was silent, a curious pallor about her lips.

"Tell me, Barbara. It is only I who ask it?"

"Only you!" fiercely. "Only you! Why—why did you ever come here?"

"To see you. I would have missed half my life for just that."

"Here is the house if you still wish to see—to see—"

"Oh Barbara!"

It was only an instant that she lay in his arms—she was helping her to dismount—only an instant that her hair brushed his lips; but it was a whole life-time of agony to an observer.

"Ah, is that you, Olney?" Into her lips flashed a little color, a great relief into her eyes.

He was a tall, rambling sort of a fellow, with handsome eyes, his one good point. "Where are you going?"

"Down to Mason's. I promised them some butter to-day."

After a smile and a faint hesitation he went on down the road.

"And you painted these?" demanded Farquhar, lounging from one picture to another as they hung artistically upon a red wall. "It is the work of a genius. Why did you not tell me before you could paint like this?"

They were good, very good. There was a bold, masterful tone about them which caught the eye.

"I ought to be pleased with your praise," Barbara said, her eyes on the ceiling, "but I am not. Will you go now—please?"

"Who is that man?" Olney asked her that night.

"Mr. Farquhar."

When Olney's face was like that, and his lips shut tight, he was tragic; but Barbara turned her eyes away and was silent.

"Barbara, I—I could tell you something about him that would shock you, but I won't only this; have nothing to do with him. It is not only because I love you that I say this, but for your own sake. He—he is not worthy to touch you."

Tremulously she laid her hand on his brown hand, but dearer to her than the white one.

A week after she was on her favorite rock. She was not sketching; her eyes wandered, her hand was unsteady. She felt a pair of arms slipped around her and a rough cheek against hers.

"When I want you to embrace me," she said calmly, "I will tell you," Mr. Farquhar.

He stood up, flushing, and put his hands behind him.

"I have been here a month, and we are no better friends than on that first night."

"And will never be."

"Barbara, can you look me in the eyes and swear you do not care for me?"

"Yes." But she did not look at him.

"Ah—I know; I have seen." He held up a rose to her, a beautiful Jacqueminot, full of life and odorous with perfume.

"Take it," softly. "I got it for you."

Half reluctantly she accepted it; she adored roses. It was all he wanted. He jumped off the rock.

"So you know what it means? It is the flower of love," he said.

"Is it?" She held it up to her lips, smiling and looking at him as he stood on the ground below her, one hand raising his hat to shade his eyes from the sun. "Thank you very much—I will give it to Olney."

With an angry exclamation, he turned and left her. He strode off to his rocky retreat, his face white, his eyes full of veiled fire. Did she really love Jeffrey, then, and had he told her what he knew? He had seen that flash of recognition in his eyes. He was an honest fellow, Jeffrey, and he—Farquhar—was trying to take that from him which no honorable man would look at. He took a crumpled telegram from his pocket and read it through for the hundredth time, with fierce eyes and clenched teeth.

"The bounds!" he muttered. "Let them come on! I will have Barbara before I leave if she has to go with me to jail! She

would do it, the tiger, if she loved me!"

He started suddenly, his eyes fastened on the rock below, where a hand, brown, strong, sinewy, was slipping along; he watched it, barely breathing; after an instant another hand appeared; they pressed on the rock, and a head and shoulders were drawn up. A man was suspended in mid-air; far below dashed the river; one push from the one above would send him down; it meant freedom—love—for Farquhar. The thought sent the blood to his head; he grasped the rock hard and sat motionless, waiting. Olney drew himself over the rock, and the two looked into each other's eyes.

"I have something to ask of you," Olney said, after a minute. "It will be a small thing to you—it is more than life to me. Won't you go away and leave my girl alone? She is all I have. She loved me—before you came," huskily. "Won't you go away? Won't you leave her? She will forget you after a while—I know she will."

Farquhar turned his eyes over to the west, watching the fringed tops of the mountains; and tugging at his tawny mustache.

"You could not make her happy—you do not understand her; she is a wild, beautiful flower that would never grow in the city amid cold criticism and maybe hard words. Leave her to me—don't break her heart—she is all I have—all—"

The thought of a girl on a rock with a rose to her lips came to Farquhar; if he were this fellow, and this humble fellow he? He frowned.

"You don't know what you ask," he said with a haughty coldness. "When two men love a woman each has an equal right to try to win her. That is the way we do where I came from. It is a good way, I think. If Barbara loves me, nothing on earth could prevent me from claiming her; if she loves you—" he shrugged his shoulders. He was an overbearing man, but Olney did not flinch under his cold stare. "The interview may be considered at an end."

"If you trifle with that little girl I will lay you low," Olney's voice was threatening, dangerous. "She is the very light of my eyes—when you touch her you touch me. Beware, Mr. Farquhar! I do not threaten you, but one word from me would send you to jail."

Farquhar laughed.

"You won't say it, though."

There was a breathlessness in his voice in spite of himself.

"Not if you go away and leave Barbara."

Without another glance Olney climbed down over the rock.

What had he said about—about—Farquhar held his hand over his eyes, shuddering. He could not wish a betrayal. Punishment meant social ruin for life.

The next afternoon he met her—came upon her sketching upon a rock. She looked up, then went on with her drawing without a word. He stood looking at her. He had decided on the course he must pursue, but he would test his power, nevertheless.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said at last.

"Are you?"

Her voice was a trifle uncertain; she worked on assiduously.

"Can't you say something?" he demanded. "Say you are sorry—that is something, whether you mean it or not."

"I am not sorry."

"Well, I am. It is like tearing the heart out of me. Barbara, I want to tell you something."

"I don't want to hear it—I must not—oh, I must not!"

Her lips were white now.

"You shall! Did it never strike you that I love you?"

"And if it did?"

"Barbara, I could give up all the world for your sake." His voice was enthralling, but she neither moved nor looked around at him. "You had no right to save my life if you were going to upset it for me."

"I did not know," coldly, "or I would never have saved it, perhaps."

"That is cruel—if you meant it; but you did not. Barbara—" his face was close to hers, his arms around her, "say you love me!"

"I cannot," chokingly.

"You do, though. I have seen it in your eyes."

He held her down when she tried to rise, and kissed her on the lips—cheeks—hair.

"My Barbara—my beautiful wild-bird, I won't love you after to-day. When I go away I am going to my wife. We shall never see each other again." He rose and put all the tenderness out of his face. "I leave you to Olney. He is worthy of you. I would give all I have in the world to make you mine; I have put temptation behind me."

Her face was white and cold as marble. She raised her fiery eyes to his.

"You were a villain then, after all. I was right to be afraid of you. It would take only a little more to make me hate you. Good-by. I am glad you are going—glad—glad!"

He strode away. Barbara watching him until he turned the corner. She was in the road in a minute, sobbing and moaning in her shame. When the sun was setting she went home.

That evening she saw Olney coming up the road. She went out into the garden. There he found her after a while.

"What is it, Barbara?"

It was his first question.

"I am tired." She leaned her head on her hands, shading her face. "That's all Olney. I have been working hard to-day."

Jeffrey's grave eyes and white face hurt her. She looked away and went toward the house presently.

"Barbara, has he gone?" Olney's breath was on her cheek. "Is that why you look this way? Tell me—I can bear anything. You love him, child—I know it."

"He is going away to his wife."

"And he has broken your heart."

"No," her voice came to him calm and steady, "my heart is not broken, dear, but I am ashamed. Oh, Olney, can you ever forgive and forget my weakness?"

One day a tall, dissipated looking man sauntered into the Art Palace. He strolled around looking at the pictures, the people, the costumes. A man behind him was talking, and he heard without listening.

"Fine picture, best here; lately noted artist—a woman, they say; but she has a magnificent future."

When the crowd thinned he strolled up to the picture. There was a hush, a tragic breathlessness about it that struck one in spite of the fair scene. A girl, slender, with a wild, exquisite beauty, was standing on a rock; a wonderful light lay in her eyes, the more wonderful that they were nearly closed; below her upon the ground was a man, one hand lifting his hat to shade his eyes from the sun. One seemed to feel the warm sunlight that flooded his fair head; to hear the birds sing that stood out on an azure sky; but beneath it all lay that indefinable tragic hush, as though two angels were praying for a white soul. In the girl's hand was a rose. Only one woman could have painted that picture. It was called "A Victory." He knew which had won, and turned away, agony in his eyes.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Sleeves; Fashionable Waists; Overskirts. Fancy Flannels: Jackets And Capes.

Fashionable sleeves when made of substantial materials, now measure fifty-four inches in width, and for those of gauze or chiffon, four or five yards is by no means extravagant. The past season's leading shapes are again brought forward, but very much enlarged, and so far the only new sleeve has a large puff at the top, then a shirred space about four inches deep, with a second puff just at the elbow and shirred cuff below. Skirts are not increasing in width, and those intended for street wear clear the ground. Overskirts are being introduced, but are not yet a necessity; many new skirts being perfectly plain or very fully trimmed. Apron front overskirts with wide ribbon sash at the back, or those having one or two points at the back, with one at the front are stylish, and a plain-colored underskirt, and hop-sacking or fancy Cheviot overskirt of another color is quite fashionable. Half inch wide black braid, woven with or without a tinsel edging, is lavishly employed on dresses, thirty-one rows on skirt and basque, being seen at a recent opening. Braid is also used as ruffles, put on just full enough to give a wavy appearance.

FANCY FLANNELS

are quite a feature among fall goods, stripes or dots in contrast, palm-leaf designs, "all over" silk embroidered patterns in very delicate shades, or colored figures on black grounds are used for ladies' wrappers and sacques, or for children's dresses, cloaks or underskirts. Colored embroidery on flannel skirts was never more stylish, and while all the standard colors are represented, pale hues are in great favor, and by using Ivory soap and lukewarm water, the finest flannels, colored embroidery or rich laces may be washed without the slightest risk of fading.

THE VARIETY OF FASHIONABLE WAISTS

is large: pointed ones for evening, round waists for day or evening; basques about three inches long, without trimming at the edge, suitable for any material or occasion; medium-length added basques, sometimes with one skirt or with three, shaped as flat, circular pieces, or else one bias frill put on in scant box plaits, or with just fullness enough to give the necessary spring; are all favorite styles. Velvet girdles are a great addition to added basques, and also to the coat bodies, which have been revived, with a much wider skirt than those two seasons ago. Usually, the coat bodies are tight-fitting, with a double or single row of extremely large buttons; but when made of brocade, it has a loose opening on a rich vest. Cape effects in shoulder trimmings are almost universal, for street, evening or house wear, but where jacket fronts exist, large revers are substituted. Flat velvet, jet passementerie, fur band, are preferred trimmings, com-

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trasting hands being not unfrequently fastened to the skirt by waving lines of embroidery, relieving any tendency toward stiffness.

BLACK OR COLORED BEAVER JACKETS are very long, usually close-fitting, buttoning down the front, with immense sleeves, wide skirts, and often entirely covered with braid. Crimson, maroon, green or blue jackets braided in graceful patterns with narrow, standing black braid are very handsome, but correspondingly expensive. The most fashionable cloth capes are of one material throughout, very fully trimmed with braid of various widths, or bias moire folds alternating with braid, and a close-fitting yoke, terminating in a flaring collar, is a prevailing style or tuple capes, with passementerie bands edged by fur are elegant, some varieties having a deep, jet headed border, from which jet sprays extend to the shoulders, with jet yoke, and collar, or a plated velvet collar covered with passementerie is edged with fur.

VERONA CLARKE.

FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH.

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that it is, in short, the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order, and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostetor's Stomach Bitters does most effectually, seasonably regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quietude of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervous tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Bitters. Physicians also strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache, and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.

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Bellefonte Republican.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer. Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or ancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Andrew J. Cruse, Jr., is again at his home in this place.

—E. F. Spencer, of Hastings, has been granted a patent for a show case or rack.

—Judge Orvis and Hon. Thomas Riley are out on a deer hunt in the vicinity of Spruce Run.

—The voters of the North Ward will this fall vote in the gymnasium building attached to the Y. M. C. A.

—Mrs. Harriet Sayres died on Tuesday at Scranton. The body was brought to this place to-day for interment.

—If you have never yet visited the Eureka Cash Grocery, do so at once and see how they can save you money.

—The dwelling house on Jacob Sankey's farm in Penn township was entirely destroyed by fire on the 12th instant.

—A branch road is almost completed from the new Central Pennsylvania to the furnaces of McCoy & Linn, near Milesburg.

—The Bellefonte Board of Trade held its regular weekly meeting Tuesday evening, but transacted no business of special importance.

—Apples are being shipped from Pennsylvania to the western states by the car load at prices ranging from ten to forty cents per bushel.

—Mr. Samuel Gettig, who lived near Zion, died on Monday, at the advanced age of 66 years and 10 months. The funeral occurred to-day.

—Mr. George Valentine and family are moving from Bellefonte to Baltimore, which latter place they expect to make their permanent residence.

—The World's Fair closes next Tuesday so that when the next issue of the REPUBLICAN reaches its many readers the great show will have passed into history.

—Almost before we can realize it the whistle will be heard and trains regularly running on the new Central railroad of Pennsylvania. It is now fast nearing completion.

—Quite extensive repairs and improvements are now in progress at the Reformed church, which, when completed, will make that house of worship one of the finest in Bellefonte.

—The Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania, which met last week in Easton, will meet next year in Tyrone. It will be one of the largest religious gatherings ever held in our neighbor town.

—The deer season is already one-third gone and but few accounts are rendered of any of the animals being killed. Are they getting scarce or have the hunters not yet stated on the war path.

—Mr. William Keller, of Linden Hall, died Tuesday morning, after an illness of several months, from Bright's disease. He was aged about 37 years, and leaves a wife and two small children.

—Candidates have been trump in Bellefonte this week. Condo, Miles, Adams, Goodhart, Strohm, Riddle, Harter, Holmes and a long list of others. Something must soon be done, they're getting desperate.

—Another testimonial to State College is contained in the announcement that George M. Downing, of the class of '90, has been elected professor of electrical engineering at the University of New Brunswick, Canada.

—Work has been commenced at the foot of Lamb street to level down a hill of limestone, change Water street and fill up part of Spring creek to make a place for the depot and tracks of the Central railroad of Pennsylvania. The depot will be a handsome two-story structure.

—Mr. Fred Dunham is round soliciting subscribers and advertising for a daily paper in Bellefonte. We are glad to see this evidence of push and trust the citizens of the town will give the movement the proper encouragement, as it is a shame that the town can't have one daily paper.

—The Demorests and Renovo base ball teams are having quite a time deciding which one shall be entitled to second place in the River League Championship race. Why didn't they play ball like Bellefonte, and get so far ahead that there would be no mistaking their standing? That's the way to play ball.

—Mr. Clement Dale has purchased the handsome residence of John W. Cooke on Allegheny street, and will shortly move his family from their present abode on Willow Bank street to his new home. We are glad to see this evidence of prosperity in our friend Mr. Dale, for we know of no one in Bellefonte more deserving.

—Out in Ohio they have a man in jail awaiting trial for murder who gives his name as William Wilson. The authorities out there think he may be the Wilson wanted in Bellefonte for the murder of Harry Waterhouse. They have sent his photograph to district attorney Singer but thus far it has failed in identification. It might not go amiss to try him out there then find him in here, try him here, and if found guilty, hang him at both places.

DEATH OF CAL. STOVER.

From an Overdose of Laudanum Last Saturday Night.

Another sad occurrence transpired in Penn township which has rendered desolate one home and stricken with grief another. J. Calvin Stover, a farmer of Penn township, was found dead in bed at his home about two miles this side of Coburn on Sunday morning. An inquest was held by Squire Garthoff and the verdict as rendered set forth that deceased came to his death from heart disease, superinduced by an excessive use of intoxicants. Later facts developed, however, prove this theory premature and that his death was caused by an overdose of laudanum. The facts in the case thus far learned are about as follows:

Mr. Stover had on Friday purchased two bottles of the fatal drug. On Saturday he spent the most of the day in Millheim where he had, with others, been drinking considerable. It was late that night when he with two friends started for home. At Coburn they tried to get more liquor but were refused. They went on to Mr. Stover's home, where the party arrived near midnight. Mrs. Stover had taken her three children and gone to his mother's at Coburn to spend the night. As soon as they went in the house Mr. Stover went to bed while the parties with him sat up to partake of a midnight lunch. So far as now known that was the last seen of Mr. Stover until found dead the next morning.

The friends who had gone home with him changed their minds and returned home that night.

After the inquest, the undertaker who took charge of the body found in Mr. Stover's clothes one full bottle of laudanum and an empty bottle. At first it was thought Mr. Stover might have committed suicide but people who know him well say that he was in the habit of taking the drug to quiet his nerves and it is thought that in his condition he did not realize what he was doing and had taken an overdose which resulted fatally.

Mr. Stover was a farmer by occupation. He was married and leaves a wife and three small children, together with an aged mother and several brothers to mourn his untimely death. The funeral occurred Wednesday morning.

KELLAR IS COMING.

It is vouchsafed to but few of us to break down the barrier between the seen and unseen world, and do before an audience in a brilliantly lighted room those feats of the marvelous which were in old times associated with darkness and mystery, if not crime itself, and which have commanded the interest and fascinated the imagination of men, women and children alike from the earliest times. Kellar, easily the first of modern magicians, is to appear in Bellefonte; in Garman's Opera house, next Saturday evening, October 28th, fresh from a long and triumphant summer season in Daly's New York theatre, and with the same performance and company which then and there won such hearty praises from the critical audiences. Conspicuous among the features which he will introduce here for the first time are to be these marvels of the art of the modern magician: "Flyto," "Astarte, the Maid of the Moon," who dances upon nothing; "Out of Sight, or the Phantom Bride;" "Cagliostro, or the Casadaga, Propaganda;" "Karmos," in which Mrs. Kellar assists him in an absolutely unapproachable exhibition of thought transmission; his own Davenport scene, which has never been equalled; his slight-of-hand tricks, which are absolutely new, and last and most wonderful of all—as one may infer from its name—"Oh," in which with out advantageous aid Kellar causes a living, breathing human being to disappear in a flash and vanish into thin air under the very eyes of the audience, and that too on a brilliantly lighted stage. Seats at Parrish's drug store.

USE FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGES.

A use has been found for associate judges at last. The two who sit with Judge Furst in Centre county have overruled one of the president judge's opinions within the past few days. We do not know what ability the Centre county associate justices have, but associate judges as a rule have more knowledge of pumpkins than they have of law.—Williamsport Republican.

The latter part of the above item might apply to an Associate Judge in Lycoming county, but it don't fit in Centre worth a cent. Our associate judges are both scholars and fully capable of rendering opinions.

JOHN SMITH WASN'T DEAD.

From the description given of one of the men killed in the wreck of Main's circus near Tyrone on the 30th of May, it was supposed that one of the victims was John Smith, who left Oil City May 19th and joined the circus at Franklin. He dispelled such a belief by appearing in town to-day, arriving here from Ashtabula, O. He had an ankle knocked out of joint in the wreck. He left this afternoon for St. Petersburg, where his mother and two sisters reside. They also believe him dead.—Blizzard.

—The revival meeting at the M. E. church last evening was deeply spiritual, and the good feeling that prevailed betokens a successful protracted effort. Rev. J. A. Woodcock, of Bellefonte, who now sustains a supernumerary relation in the conference, occupied the pulpit, and preached a most appropriate and earnest

discourse from the text, "Put on they strength O Zion." The sermon had the effect of greatly stirring the large congregation present, and a gracious meeting is expected to-night. The meeting begins at 7.30, the first half hour being devoted to a song service, in which a new singing book, full of good things is used.—Philipsburg Journal.

RESIGNATION OF REV. A. J. BEAN.

Rev. A. J. Bean, of Tyrone has accepted the call to the pastorate of the new Brushton Lutheran church, East Pittsburg, and last Saturday afternoon he formally tendered his resignation as pastor of the Sinking Valley charge, comprising Sinking Valley, Warriorsmark, Centre Line and Seven Stars. The resignation was presented by Rev. Mr. Bean at a meeting of the church council at his home on East Tenth street.

It was with great reluctance and regret that the council accepted their pastor's resignation. Rev. Mr. Bean will preach his farewell sermons at Sinking Valley Sunday November 5; at the other three churches, Sunday, October 29. His resignation will take effect November 10, when he will remove with his family to Pittsburg to enter upon his new pastoral duties.

Rev. A. J. Bean is a native of Centre county, having been born and raised in Halfmoon township. He is a graduate of both the classical and theological departments at the Sellingrove Missionary Institute where he also taught two years after graduating. He then became pastor of the congregation at Clearfield where he remained eight years and built a fine church costing \$10,000. Rev. Bean has been particularly energetic and successful in church building. From Clearfield he came to the Sinking Valley charge five years and three months ago. Here he has built a \$3,200 church at Warriorsmark and a \$11,000 church in Sinking Valley.

The Sinking Valley charge is one of extensive area, having churches in three counties, and the farthest extremities of the charge are over twenty-miles distant from each other. The total membership is about 200.

Rev. Mr. Bean met with the Northeast conference for the last time at Juniata last Monday evening. He was dismissed from the Allegheny synod, in which he has served thirteen years, to the Pittsburg synod. The best wishes and Godspeed of his many friends in Tyrone and the neighboring country in which he labored so earnestly and well, will go with him to his new home and work.

COMING TO BELLEFONTE.

Charles E. Gilmour has resigned his position as locomotive engineer on the Tyrone division to accept a similar place with the new Pennsylvania Central railroad which is being constructed from Bellefonte to Mill Hall. Mr. Gilmour will have the distinction of taking charge of the first locomotive on the new road early next month from Mill Hall to Bellefonte.—Tyrone Herald.

In this connection it can be said that Mr. Gilmour will be given a nice machine to handle. The engines purchased for the new railroad are the best made. They were built at the Schenectady works, New York State. The whole train throughout will be one of the finest ever run into Bellefonte.

TRIAL LIST.

Daniel Butler vs. Henry Underpool.
James Higgins vs. Meek and Nagle.
Thomas Lauver vs. David Harter.
T. T. Callaghan Packing Co. vs. Brinton, Duncan & Barnes.
John W. Lecky vs. C. C. Cooke.
Susan Ertle vs. Howard twp. Supervisors.
Sam and Jessie Long vs. Daniel Long.
Geo. W. Campbell vs. Mary Campbell.
Amos Garbrick vs. John Garbrick.
Wm. C. Heinle vs. John Swartz et al.
M. S. Adams & Co. vs. I. L. McLaren.
Wm. Wolf vs. I. L. McLaren.
Susan Nolan vs. Sam Swabb, et al.
Philip Tressler vs. L. E. Essington.

—Now that Bellefonte is getting a new railroad and has already got a Board of Trade steps should be taken toward the organization of a society to teach young girls how to act properly on the streets. The sights one sees and the talk one hears is enough to bring to mind the Sodom of ancient times. The writer overheard a conversation the other night which would blacken the page of any newspaper, if put in print, and yet the speakers imagine they are "nice, good girls."

—A special train will be run over the Bellefonte Central railroad from State College to Bellefonte and return on Saturday evening, on the occasion of Kellar's appearance in Garman's Opera house. The rate for the trip, including admission to the show, will be from State College, \$1.00; from Wadswick, 90 cents. Everybody should avail themselves of this grand opportunity to see a wonderful performance.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Wm. G. McConnell, of Tyrone, and Tillie Marks, of Port Matilda.
Geo. F. John and Ada Houpp, of Powlton.
Irwin J. Packer and Mary F. Brickley, of Romola.

—Tuesday evening Messrs. A. A. Dale, Clyde Blackford, Simeon Haupt, Henry Mueser and the two McMurtres started in wagons for a week's hunt in the green woods. They drove north going straight to Karthaus and from thence to their camp. We expect to see them come home with tons of venison—more or less.

THEY WERE MARRIED.

But It Looked as if They Might Not Be.

Last Thursday Mr. William G. McConnell, of Tyrone, and Miss Tillie Marks, of Port Matilda, came to Bellefonte, went to the Register's office and obtained a license for marriage. Miss Marks then sweetly inquired of Recorder Morrison for a Methodist preacher, who could speak the necessary words. Mr. Morrison named a number and among the list was Rev. J. C. Young, of Pleasant Gap. As Miss Marks was well acquainted with Rev. Young she expressed a wish to have him perform the ceremony if he could be communicated with. Mr. Morrison, who is nothing if not polite and gallant when there is a young lady in the case, cheerfully undertook to arrange the entire affair and invited the couple to come to his house on Bishop street at 7 o'clock when he would have the preacher there and all could go "merry as a marriage bell." Thus assured the prospective bride and groom went to the hotel to get supper. Mr. Morrison telephoned to Pleasant Gap to have Rev. Young sent in and when the appointed hour had almost arrived he went to the hotel to escort the couple to his home, but no couple was there nor could any trace of them be found. Of course things looked a little blue just at that time, with the preacher supposed to be almost there.

The telephone was then called into use again when it was learned that the message had never reached Rev. Young, as he had left his home to come to the Forge where he is holding a protracted meeting. This, then would have settled the affair, but just at that time a messenger arrived from Mr. Morrison's home saying the couple had turned up and the parties were there waiting for the preacher. This was a stunner. First, the preacher and no couple; next, the couple and no preacher. But not to be outdone, a messenger was sent to the Forge and Rev. Young brought in who proceeded to speak the happy words which united the two young people as man and wife and the troubles were all over. It is needless to say that Mr. Morrison, et al., enjoyed the oyster supper served at the groom's expense.

SUED FOR DAMAGES.

A dispatch from Philadelphia states that suit for damages has been entered in the common pleas court of that city against Beaver & Gephart, of this place to recover the value with interest of eight \$500 bonds. Action was brought by the administrators of the estate of Thornton Conrow. The facts in the case are about as follows:

In 1881 Conrow sold to John Ardell, Jr., 5,195 acres of timber lands in this county and took as part payment fifteen bonds of \$500 each which matured and were payable consecutively on the first Monday of July and January of each year thereafter.

In 1884, after seven of the bonds had been paid off, when the eighth one came due it was not paid. The bonds were then placed in the hands of Beaver & Gephart for collection with instructions to make them safe, as the bonds were secured by mortgage on the land. Mr. Conrow, it is alleged, gave no further attention to the matter until 1888 when, upon inquiry he learned that the giver of the bonds had become insolvent and that the lands had been sold for taxes and the limitation had cut off the mortgage. They now charge negligence on the part of Beaver & Gephart in failing to obtain judgment in their behalf, and the suit against them has been brought to recover in full.

A LARGE VERDICT.

The trial of the action brought by S. Morris Waln and Howard Conrow, administrators of Thornton Conrow deceased, in the Philadelphia Courts this week against ex Governor James A. Beaver and his law partner, J. W. Gephart, ended Tuesday in a verdict for the plaintiffs for \$6,408.

TWO ESCAPED.

About 2 o'clock Monday morning Charles Johnson, alias Sandy Frank, doing a year's sentence in Fort Ishler for larceny, and John Freeman, alias Steve Loder, the man who robbed the jewelry store in Philipsburg, made their escape from the jail by digging a hole through the wall and by the means of ropes scaling the wall around the yard. Just how they obtained the tools for digging out the wall is yet a mystery. But then it would not require much of a tool to tunnel through the wall of the Centre county jail. When it was built it must have been supposed that even criminals had that high sense of honor that would forbid them running away once they were captured, but at this late day no such honor prevails, and if a man is so minded it is no trouble to find a means of escape. The escaped prisoners have not yet been captured. In brief, they are hardly worth the expense it would entail to go after them.

—Yesterday afternoon quite a gay crowd was assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ezekiah Hoy to witness the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katharine I. to Rev. William J. Wagner, who for the past six months has been supply pastor on the Centre Hall charge of the Lutheran church. The happy couple departed for the east on the 4.30 train.

—The Centre Democrat this week publishes a charge against Dr. John F. Harter which it cannot substantiate. It is done

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

for political effect, but from what we have thus far heard, the result is going to be just the reverse to what was intended and expected. Dr. Harter is too well known all over the county for such slanderous assertions to have any weight with the people.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Miss Laura Bierly, of Milesburg, spent Tuesday with friends in Bellefonte.

Mr. J. W. Gephart returned from a business trip to Philadelphia yesterday morning.

Mrs. James McKee returned on Wednesday from a brief visit with friends in Philipsburg.

Messrs. Thomas Collins, Ed. Kittell and C. M. Parrish departed last Saturday for the World's Fair.

Mr. O. J. Spotts, of Bellwood, spent Monday in Bellefonte transacting business of a private nature.

Mr. Thomas H. Gates, of Altoona, spent two days in Bellefonte last week transacting business for the Pacific Tea company.

G. G. Pond, professor of Chemistry at State College, has been granted a leave of absence of one year and will spend the time in advanced study at the University of Berlin.

Mr. John F. Best, one of the enterprising farmers living near Hubbersburg, was in Bellefonte last Friday and called at this office. Before departing Mr. Best left with us a little of the "stuff" that delights the hearts of all printers.

Dr. John F. Harter, of Millheim, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, came up to Bellefonte Monday evening and tarried with us till Tuesday afternoon. The Doctor is making a faithful canvass all over the county and if the Republican ticket fails of success it will certainly be through no fault of his.

A long list of visitors to the World's Fair have returned since our last issue, among whom are Edward T. Tuten, editor of the REPUBLICAN, and his son Earle C.; S. D. Ray and wife, Robert Miller, wife sister, Fred Jackson, Thomas Mitchell, Lee Woodcock, Jas. R. Hughes, and many others whose names we have forgotten. Of course they are all overflowing with praises of the many wonders exhibited in the White City.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

This is to inform the voters of Centre county that there will be an election held in the various precincts of this county on Tuesday, November 7th, for the election of various State and county officers. Don't search the advertising columns of the REPUBLICAN or any other county paper to find the customary legal notice, as you will find none. If you want to see it you must go to your voting place where you will find one, on a sheet of paper, tacked up, providing the boys have not already torn it down.

Under the revised edition of the Baker Ballot law the Sheriff is required to advertise the election by posters tacked up in each election precinct, or by notice in not less than two county papers. Sheriff Ishler has very unwisely chosen the former method. We say unwisely, because such posted notices will not be seen by probably more than one-fifth the voters in the county, whereas an advertisement in two or more county papers would have reached almost every voter. It is said that the Commissioners' attorney D. F. Fortney, Esq., advised using the papers, but the Sheriff evidently had an eye to his own business and profit, regardless of whether the people all over the county found out that an election was to be held or not.

LOST OR STOLEN.

It is now two weeks since the editor of this paper with his son started for Chicago for a week or ten day's inspection of the wonders exhibited there. The day for their arrival home has long passed and still they have not returned. As they were both pretty good looking men we fear they have been kidnapped. Any information as to their whereabouts would be gladly received by the committee—Jones, Cox, Smith, et al.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., October 23, 1893.

Mrs. Cruder, L. S. Franklin, Audio Jaker, H. Read, George Stevens, George Shear, Lizzie Tysy, W. C. Walker, Mrs. Martha Watkins.

When called for please say advertised J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

CAST YOUR VOTE FOR

Harter for Sheriff,
Conley for Treasurer,
Strohm and Riddle for Commissioners,
Rickard for Register,
Holmes for Recorder,
Tobin for Coroner,
Dorworth and Wagner for Auditors,
Snyder for Surveyor.

WALTER LEMBEKEY MARRIED.

A Former Bellefonte Young Man Weds an Altoona Belle.

The Altoona Times says: A very pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Hurd, 1200 Fourteenth avenue, last evening. The contracting parties were Miss Grace Hurd and Mr. Walter Irvin Lembecky formerly of Bellefonte, but now of Washington, D. C., a prominent lawyer at that place. The maid of honor was Miss Emmarene Hurd, sister of the bride, while the attendants were Misses Alice Ramey and Jennie Laughman, both of this city, and Mr. Jesse Lee, of Washington, D. C.

For the brilliant affair the house was most beautifully decorated. The ceremony took place in the parlor, consequently the floral decorations were far more elaborate here than anywhere else. Potted plants and tall palms added their share to the beauties of the luxuriant surroundings, while festoons of smilax also predominated. Cut flowers contributed their fragrance to the sweetly perfumed apartments.

The bridal party formed on the second floor of the mansion shortly before 8 o'clock. As the first strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march ascended to where they were assembled the group began the last march of single blessedness. First came Rev. Allen Sheldon Woodie, rector of St. Luke's church, who was the officiating clergyman. Following him came the groom and groomsmen, arm in arm, then the bridesmaids with the maids of honor. The bride followed closely on the arm of her father, who gave her away.

The bride and groom met after entering the parlor, where a large number of the relatives and friends of the participants were gathered. They proceeded, with their attendants, to the large bay window, where the minister amid a veritable conservatory, performed the impressive ceremony which made both hearts beat as one.

During the time the marriage vows were taken the orchestra discoursed Schubert's serenade. Notwithstanding this the answers of the happy couple making the sacred vows were distinct and audible.

At the conclusion of the union the guests showered many congratulations upon the groom and his fair bride, who was the recipient of many useful and handsome presents.

The bride was gowned in white satin and carried a cluster of bride's roses. The maid of honor was robed in white ermine, trimmed with white satin bands, and carried a bouquet of chrysanthemums, as did the bridesmaids, one of whom was attired in white silk, with yellow sleeves, and the other in yellow silk and white sleeves. The groom and groomsmen were attired in black.

After some time was spent in social pleasures the guests repaired to the dining hall, where a rich and sumptuous wedding supper, prepared by the Logan House caterers, was partaken of.

The bride and groom took their departure for Philadelphia on fast line this morning, where they will spend a few days, after which they will embark in housekeeping in Washington.

TO BE RECOINED.

The souvenir half dollars issued to the World's fair managers are to be recoined into half dollars of the ordinary kind. This is the decision of the World's fair managers as communicated to Secretary Carlisle. The managers do not care to put them in circulation at their nominal value because they think it would be unfair to the thousands of people who have paid a dollar apiece for the coins. There are still undisposed of about \$1,500,000 worth of the coins, or about 3,000,000 pieces.

GOOD DEMOCRATIC TIMES.

Friday the Cambria Iron Company made a proposition to its employees that if they would accept a reduction of ten per cent. all around the company would fire up 200 ovens at the Morrell plant. The entire 300 ovens have been idle for several months. The employees accepted the reduction, and work commenced Monday.

Last Saturday evening the barn of Mrs. Harry Funk, a short distance from Waynesboro, Franklin county, was set on fire and in a short time was destroyed. All the live stock was saved, but about 1,100 bushels of wheat and an immense straw stack were consumed. The loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

When Samuel Ransley, of Portland, Northampton county, went to his barn the other day he found one of his horses drowned in a cistern. The animal had found its way out of the stables and in running over the wooden covering of the cistern, broke through the boards and fell into the water.